The Outlook

Vol. 61 March 18, 1899 No. 11

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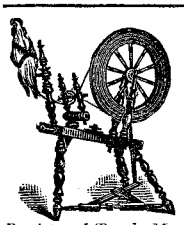

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General Gomez and the Assembly

The action of the so-called Cuban Assembly in removing General Gomez from the command of the Cuban army by a practically unanimous vote only emphasizes the incongruity of the existence of such a body as this Assembly under present circumstances. It was never in any true sense a representative body, and its asserted function as a military council has ceased to have any vitality. Its hostility to General Gomez is based on the desire of the Assembly to hold in its own hands the distribution of the money which the United States has offered to the Cuban soldiers as a recognition of their services to Cuba and as a necessary preliminary to their return to civil life. This sum is not offered as pay for their military service. Their final payment is a matter to be settled when civil government is finally established in Cuba; naturally and properly it will be a charge on Cuban finances. For the Assembly to attempt to raise $15,000,000 for the purpose, as it has talked of doing, is an absurdity, for it has no power to bind the future government of Cuba and no actual ability to secure a loan; for the Assembly to try to force our Government to offer a larger sum than $3,000,000 is very much like a threat. General Gomez seems to have the approbation and confidence of most of the Cuban soldiers, and there is little doubt that they will gratefully receive the money now on the way, and will then disperse and go to work; if this takes place, the grandiloquent Assembly will vanish and the road will be clear for the building up of a true Cuba Libre. It is to be noted that all the utterances of both Gomez's friends and enemies among the Cubans assume the ultimate independence of the island as an assured fact; and it is a hopeful sign that so many recognize the fact that independence is not to be obtained by keeping up a useless army and a vociferous "Assembly," but by learning to carry on an efficient administration, by maintaining peace and safety, and by restoring material prosperity. Such acts of brigandage as have been committed by the six robbers captured by the rural police near San Luis last week are sporadic and not typical, and the courage and efficiency of the native police in capturing the brigands is an encouraging indication.

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The Philippines Campaign

News of a general advance of the American lines is expected daily from Manila. There are two reasons for this: the approach of the rainy season next month, which makes immediate aggressive action desirable if the enemy is to be crushed this spring; and, secondly, the recent arrival of our reinforcements under General Lawton. It is thought probable that General Lawton may be put by General Otis in charge of the advance military operations, while General Otis gives his attention to the administrative problems and, of course, holds supreme command at headquarters. General Lawton is a famous Indian fighter, and his dashing quality is indicated by one of his Indian sobriquets meaning "The-Man-who-Gets-up-and-Fights-in-the-Middle-of-the-Night." The excellence of our new transport service—that by the transports Grant, Sherman, and Sheridan—is receiving favorable comment from foreign military authorities. On Monday General Wheaton's Divisional Brigade advanced toward Pasig, supported by a river gunboat, captured Guadaloupe and shelled but did not occupy Pasig, with a loss of a few wounded men; the movement was carried out with military

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precision and skill, while the resistance was slight. The Filipinos lost thirty killed and many wounded. Manila is quiet and well policed. General Otis, however, is discouraging the residence of officers' families in Manila; he is reported to have said: "Manila is no place for women; this is a war, not a picnic."

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The New Census Appointments

There was probably no position in the gift of the President which in its nature ought to have lifted its bestowal more completely above all claims for party service than the Directorship of the Census; and it is not too much to say that the President disappointed all those who hoped the most from his administration, and who are disposed to give his acts the most generous interpretation, when he appointed ex-Governor Merriam, of Minnesota, to that position. The ex-Governor had never been a Civil Service Reformer. He was pre-eminently what is called a practical politician; and everybody knows that the word "practical" in this connection means, not one who serves the people in the most effective and businesslike way, but one who gets the most for his party and himself out of politics. Ex-Governor Merriam had also been, unless he is misreported, a persistent office-seeker. Two days later the President made an ideal choice when he named Mr. Frederick H. Wines, of Illinois, Assistant Director; for Mr. Wines is one of the few men in the country who combine the right kind of ability with the right kind of service. He is in every sense a man educated for the position, with a long, honorable, and useful record of public service behind him. Here, then, appeared to be the bestowment of a great position for party reasons on a practical politician who was to have the honors of the place and to draw the chief salary, and the selection of a trained and capable subordinate to do the work of the place and to receive the secondary salary.

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Methods of the Census

To the great relief of those who are eager that the next United States Census should carry the utmost weight, and who feared this unrighteous combination of the practical politician and the expert, the new Director has issued an official statement, in which he declares that all applicants for positions under him will be subjected to examinations as rigid as those before the Civil Service Commission; that no political influence will put any employee on the census pay-roll, and that any employee on that pay-roll who is found incompetent on trial will be dropped, without regard to political backing. No appointments are to be made within thirty days. Professor Gannett, who was the political and statistical geographer of the last census, will have charge of the same work on the coming census, with an absolutely free hand. Three hundred supervisors will be appointed by the President and confirmed by the Senate, and in the selection of these supervisors there will be consultation with the Senators and Representatives of the respective States. These supervisors will in turn appoint forty thousand enumerators, whose appointments must have the approval of the Director. Governor Merriam is entitled to full faith in his statement that he will conduct the taking of the new census on scientific principles; and he has the opportunity of entirely removing the unfavorable impression which his appointment made on many of the most thoughtful people in the country.

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Senatorial Ballotings

In Nebraska the Republican legislators at last came together and elected to the United States Senate their recent candidate for Governor, Mr. Hayward, whom the despatches speak of as a lawyer of ability and "comfortable fortune." In Utah and Delaware, however, the Legislatures have adjourned without electing a Senator, while in Pennsylvania the deadlock continues as before. In Delaware an appeal was made by General Grosvenor, of Ohio, and other leaders in the National Republican organization that the anti-Addicks Republican minority should accept the candidate of the majority; but the minority rightly felt that they had conceded enough in offering to unite with the majority on ex-Congressman Willis, an Addicks supporter. The responsibility for the failure to elect rests upon Mr. Addicks, whose motto of "Addicks or

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nobody" again compels his party to elect nobody. In Pennsylvania interest has centered in the investigation of the charges of bribery brought against the Quay manager in connection with the McCarrel bill to change the jury law so as to prevent the complete exclusion of Quay partisans. The high-handed methods employed by Speaker Farr and others of the Quay leaders to defeat this investigation not only led three of the Quay supporters to declare their independence, as we reported last week, but also brought about the enlargement of the investigating committee upon a basis promising thorough work. Several members have already testified that bribes were offered them, and the end is not yet reached. One prominent paper, friendly to Senator Quay, now predicts that the Legislature, before adjourning on April 21, will elect a Senator "satisfactory to Senator Quay, though not Senator Quay himself." Other predictions are that the Legislature will adjourn without electing any one, as the breach in the Republican ranks cannot be healed during the present session, and the Democrats willing to support an independent Republican like Mr. Wanamaker or Mr. Stewart dare not withdraw their party candidate for fear that a minority of their colleagues would vote for and elect Mr. Quay. Nothing is certain except the uncertainty.

❀

Government Telephones in England

On Monday of last week the welcome announcement was made in the House of Commons that the English Government had decided to introduce competition in the telephone service of the country. A resolution was adopted indorsing the proposal and giving the Post-Office Department a credit of $10,000,000 to develop the telephone service. This action indicates that in the near future the telephone service of Great Britain, like the telegraph service, will be a part of the post-office system. When telephones were introduced in that country, the Government recognized that the service to be rendered was of the same character as that performed by the Post-Office Department, and gave the private telephone company very limited privileges, stipulating that it should be under the close supervision of the post-office officials. The Government even imposed a tax of ten per cent. upon the gross receipts of the telephone company, to compensate the Post-Office Department for the loss of telegraph business which telephone communication necessitated. The partnership between the private company and the Government, however, has not been satisfactory. Owing to the limited rights of the private company, it has not felt justified in going to the expense of a costly and satisfactory plant; and owing to the antagonism between its interests and those of the public, the public officials supposed to supervise the company have been the subjects of criticism and almost of scandal. The partnership, therefore, has not been a success, though telephone charges in England seem to have been much lower than those in the United States. According to a statement made by Mr. Simon Sterne, of this city, in an address before the Social Reform Club last week, the London charge is $85 per year for an unlimited service, where the New York charge is $240. Inasmuch as electrical apparatus of all sorts is in this country as cheap as or cheaper than in England, the only important item of expense which is greater in London than here is the wages of the young women at the telephone exchanges; but inasmuch as $30 per subscriber covers these wages in this country, $10 per subscriber would perhaps cover the difference in wages between the two countries. The English company, says Mr. Sterne, claims that its expense is increased by the fact that it has not the New York privilege of stringing its wires in subways and thus saving heavy outlays for repairs. There are, however, probably two sides to this question, as to most questions. The greater number of subscribers in New York doubtless requires a somewhat higher rate; but if the English House of Commons feels that an $85 rate is so monopolistic as to demand government interference, it would seem that the New York Legislature might accept the moderate bill urged by the New York Board of Trade, establishing a $150 rate for an unlimited service, unless the telephone company can show to the courts that this rate will not return to it ten per cent. on its invested and accumulated capital.

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Competing Telephone Systems in the West

In our own Central and Western States, and at some points in the East, telephone rates are gradually being reduced by private competition. This remedy, however, is not only unsatisfactory—because neither of the two competing companies can connect all the local subscribers—but it is also of uncertain duration, as the competitors may consolidate. Nevertheless the reductions of rates secured by the introduction—and sometimes merely by the fear—of competition have been important. In Indiana the competing companies have gradually developed a practical system, and more of the smaller towns are served by the new system than by the old. Even in Indianapolis, according to the Chicago "Times-Herald," a new company, by guaranteeing to reduce the yearly charge from seventy-two dollars to forty dollars, has secured hundreds of five-year contracts; and promises to begin business next month with almost as many subscribers as the old company. The New Long-Distance Telephone Company promises to connect one hundred and forty-four towns and cities, and to establish charges from twenty-five to forty per cent. less than those of the long-distance company operating under the Bell patent. In the matter of telephone communication the smaller cities are everywhere served at a lower rate than the larger, partly because the service is actually cheaper, and partly because it is easier for a competing company to establish itself. According to a recent statement made by the head of the old company in Chicago, the increase of its business by three hundred per cent. during the last ten years has added fifty per cent. to the cost of serving each subscriber. But the principal reason, apparently, why the service in the smaller towns is conducted at rates so much lower is the ease with which a competing system can be introduced if rates are unsatisfactory. In a great city, on the other hand, the telephone subscribers cannot easily get together, and no telephone subscriber is willing to transfer his patronage to a new system until nearly all the people he wishes to keep in communication with have done the same. For this reason the telephone system in a large city is a natural monopoly, and rates can be kept reasonable only by public regulation upon some such basis as is proposed by the Board of Trade Bill for this city, or, still better, perhaps, by the bill which has been before the Massachusetts Legislature giving a State Commission the power to ascertain the cost of service and to recommend rates which shall be alike fair to the public and to the companies.

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The Allen Law Repealed

The Illinois Legislature has at last repealed the Allen Law, which gave city councils the right to grant fifty-year franchises to street-car lines with five cents as the minimum fare. Upon the final vote only one member, and that one Mr. Allen, dared stand out against the repeal of the law; and Governor Tanner, after satisfying himself that the repeal bill did not allow city councils to authorize competing car systems on any street without the consent of the owners of most of the abutting property, signed the bill. Under the new law, which is merely a modified form of the old law, no franchises can be granted for a longer period than twenty years, and the city councils may stipulate for fares less than five cents. The establishment of low fares instead of heavy taxes, when franchises are extended, seems at last to be recognized in Chicago as the more sensible policy. A few months ago the press of that city, and the Mayor, seemed intent upon prolonging five-cent fares, if ten per cent. of this unjust charge could be turned over to the city treasury; but the campaign which ex-Governor Altgeld inaugurated has borne fruit in unexpected quarters. The Republican City Convention, held last week, adopted the following resolution:

> The streets of Chicago are public highways. All grants and extensions of franchises should be for short periods—in no case exceeding twenty years. Extensions of street railway franchises, if made, should provide that all subsequent grants shall expire at the same time, and that the people shall, upon their expiration, if they shall then so desire, be entitled to purchase the tangible property used in the operation of the roads, at its then value for railroad purposes. Provision should first be made for reduced fares, especially during the rush hours and for school-children, and then for special services and cash payments to the city.

A valued correspondent of The Outlook, in reply to a former paragraph favoring

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the policy of low fares against that of increased taxation, has urged upon us that three-cent fares are an impossibility in most cities, because the average expense per passenger now reported by street-car companies is more than three cents. In reply to this, it need only be said that the average expense per passenger in Toronto before the new charter was granted was more than three cents, and yet the company which gave the three-cent fares during the rush hours, and the two-and-one-half-cent fares to school-children, is making such profits that its securities have a market value more than double the invested capital. Low fares make it possible for a company to run large cars well filled instead of small cars partly empty; and in Toronto at least—where the reduction of fares was accompanied by the introduction of electricity—the average cost per passenger has fallen to two cents. Had the city government of Toronto required a ten per cent. tax upon gross receipts instead of requiring a forty per cent. reduction in fares during the rush hours, the Toronto company would not to-day be as prosperous as it is, and the working people of Toronto using the cars morning and night would be out of pocket nearly a week's wages every year.

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The Purging of Trenton

The recently reported closing of gambling-houses and cleaning out of gambling slot-machines from Trenton, New Jersey, has a history behind it. It shows, as in the case of Dr. Parkhurst, what a public-spirited and courageous minister can do as a tribune of the people. There were more than twenty of these houses and more than three hundred of these machines in Trenton, operating in open defiance of laws which the "respectable" part of the community apathetically declined to demand enforcement of. From $4,000 to $6,000 a month went out of Trenton as the profit of these machines, from men and boys, large groups of whom might sometimes be seen waiting the turn of each to put his nickels in the slot. The Rev. Alfred W. Wishart, minister of the Central Baptist Church, who had previously led a successful movement for the stoppage of prize-fights under the guise of sparring entertainments, took this new scandal in hand, at first in a private way. He remonstrated with the police authorities without effect. He presented charges before two grand juries without effect. Then he determined to lay the matter before the people. He obtained, with the co-operation of friends, a mass of the most convincing facts in evidence, and, taking these into his pulpit, laid bare the iniquity, and charged the police authorities with connivance at it. The next morning the papers published his sermon in full. With prescience of the result, some of the guilty parties immediately prepared to move out of town. The grand jury, of its own accord, at once took the matter up, and, while stopping short of an indictment, adopted resolutions which braced up the police authorities to order the enforcement of the law. This was done, and the infamy speedily banished, at least for the present. It is to be hoped that the lesson will not soon be forgotten.

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Dr. van Dyke and Princeton

Dr. van Dyke has announced his acceptance of the invitation to fill the Professorship of English Literature at Princeton University, the date of his retirement from the pulpit of the Brick Church to be determined by the needs of the church. The new professorship will bear the honored name of Dean Murray, whose services to the institution have been invaluable, not only as a teacher and executive officer, but in the quiet, manly, and beautiful illustration of the highest Christian character, which the students have recognized in his life. This chair will give unusual latitude to the man who fills it. It will be a grief to many that Dr. van Dyke feels called upon to leave the pulpit which he has made so influential and so conspicuous. No preacher in the city has attained a more prominent position, or has sustained his pulpit work at a higher level; and no man in the pulpit has had more authority with young men. On the other hand, the country has been recognizing with increasing clearness the talent for literature which Dr. van Dyke has shown in so many ways; and he who serves God and his fellow-men through art serves as truly and often in a larger way than he who serves through direct

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teaching. Whatever instrument Dr. van Dyke uses, it is certain that his spiritual ideals will always be the burden of his utterance. The country has a right to expect, both in prose and verse, work of an unusual quality and value from him in the future. As a teacher in a university he will have the qualities which win and inspire young men. There is no touch of professionalism in him; his manliness is revealed in the frankest kind of speech; he has great courage; he is always virile in thought and in utterance, and he has the kind of feeling about a man's place and a man's work in the world which appeals with peculiar force to young men. In going to Princeton, Dr. van Dyke puts himself in the way of deeply impressing those who are in turn to impress others; of bringing out the finest and best quality of his nature in the most lasting forms; and of carrying his message of courage and faith into many pulpits.

❀

Wellesley College Mrs. Irvine will retire from the presidency of Wellesley College at the close of the present academic year, after discharging the duties of that office for several years in a spirit of devotion to the institution which its friends have not been slow to recognize. Mrs. Irvine is pre-eminently a scholar, and the surrender of her life to executive work has involved a genuine sacrifice. She brought to her position exceptional qualifications both of ability and training, and she has steadily illustrated in the life of the College the highest ideals of intellectual integrity and thoroughness. Miss Caroline Hazard, of Peace Dale, Rhode Island, has been chosen by the Trustees to succeed Mrs. Irvine, and has accepted her election with that kind of reluctance which is one of the best evidences of qualification for a position. Miss Hazard is a woman in the prime of life; a member of the well-known Hazard family of Rhode Island; exceptionally well educated, because she had not only the semi-collegiate privileges accorded to women by Brown University, but especially because she was the personal friend and pupil of Professor Diman, whose memoirs she subsequently wrote. Her biography of her ancestor, Thomas Hazard, which is described in its sub-title as "A Study of Life in Narragansett in the Eighteenth Century," is a notable piece of work from the standpoint of thoroughness of historical research. Miss Hazard is said also to have enjoyed unusual training along executive lines, and will bring to her new position executive ability of a high order.

❀

Italy in China The latest act in the drama of the decline and fall of the Chinese Empire was performed last week; one scene being set in China and one in Europe. After the experiences of a few months ago in Abyssinia, Italy was apparently willing to confine her attention to home matters; but she suddenly appeared in the Far East and demanded what is euphoniously called a base for a port (really a large tract of territory) and other concessions. San-Moon Bay is a seaport not very far from the Chusan Islands, which are generally recognized as lying within the sphere of influence of Great Britain. The Chinese Government demurred, and Italy promptly made preparations to take by force that which China refused her. The latest reports indicate that the Chinese have recognized the futility of resistance, and, after the usual diplomatic formalities, they will undoubtedly cede what Italy demands. As Italy has practically no interests in China, her action at once gave rise to the suspicion that this new move betrayed the influence of one of the great players in the game now being played between the Great Powers.

❀

The New-Chwang Railroad At the very moment when Italy was making this demand upon China, the tension between Russia and England in regard to what is known as the New-Chwang railway was extreme, and there was talk of serious differences between the two Governments. The New-Chwang railroad is being built within a part of China included in the Russian sphere of influence, but it is being built by English capital upon the condition that the road shall never pass into the hands of any other power, and that the chief engineer and the chief accountant shall be British subjects. To these concessions on the part of the Chinese Government Russia

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was vigorously protesting at the very moment when Italy appeared as a new claimant in the field. It was instantly surmised, therefore, that she appeared as the result of an understanding with England; and that, if the situation may be put in the language of the Street, she proposed to secure a small share of Chinese stock for the purpose of being able to vote with Great Britain whenever the great stockholders came together in conference.

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Russia and England Then came the proposal of the English Government, put forward by Mr. Goshen, for an increase of the navy, by adding to the regular ship-building programme—already very extensive and ambitious—a supplementary programme providing for the construction of four more battle-ships and four more cruisers. Mr. Goshen declared that the Government was taking this action to meet the increase of foreign navies, especially that of Russia, and that it will be the fixed policy of the English Ministry to keep the English fleet at all times equal in power to the fleets of the two naval Powers which stand next it in rank. Mr. Goshen, after frankly declaring that England was going to meet Russia's increase of strength by equivalent increase of strength, then offered to modify the ship-building programme if Russia would abandon a portion of her great scheme of naval construction. There was a good deal of apprehension last week in regard to the outcome of the Russian attitude toward English control of the New-Chwang railway; but the apparently determined position of the English Minister at Pekin has resulted, if reports are to be trusted, in a modification of Russian demands; and England is likely to keep her railway concessions, and Italy to secure the territory which she has claimed. Meantime China is being rapidly disposed of; England is now in possession of Wei-Hai-Wei, the Russians are securely intrenched at Port Arthur, the Germans have taken Kiao-Chau, the French are established at Annam and Tonquin, the English hold Hong-Kong and Singapore, and, with the Italians in possession of San-Moon Bay and the outlying islands, the available harbors and roadsteads along the coast are in the hands of foreign Governments. Various suggestions have been made in different quarters that our own Government should now take its part in the division of China; but our Government has wisely decided to take no steps in this direction. We have but one interest in China, and that is the protection of our increasingly valuable commerce.

❀

Samoa The statements of the German Consul in Samoa, Herr Rose, made public this week, do not materially alter the case, as previously known. Herr Rose contradicts Chief Justice Chambers's account in some particulars, but it is still perfectly clear that the German Consul and the German President of the Municipality of Apia deliberately defied the orders of the Chief Justice, issued under his well-defined powers, as laid down by the Berlin Treaty, and that their excuse is that their understanding of the law was different from his! Fortunately, the German Government seems to be in earnest in its adherence to the Berlin Treaty, and while it may diplomatically defend its rather unruly representatives in Samoa, there is no likelihood of any serious trouble. The true American position is simple; while the treaty is law, it must be enforced; revision should be in the interest of the Samoans, as well as of foreign nations. Our war-ship the Philadelphia is now well on its way to Apia, and Admiral Kautz has orders to preserve the peace and enforce the treaty. The actual situation in Samoa at last accounts (February 23) was that Mataafa had the support of the majority of the natives and had the largest forces of native soldiers; Malietoa has the support of the law, as laid down by Justice Chambers, and therefore of the American and British authorities.

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The Dreyfus Case The Dreyfus case is now on trial before the entire Court of Cassation, and every judge (and there are, if we are rightly informed, forty-nine) has the evidence in his hands. No announcements have yet been made in regard to the time when a decision may be anticipated. It is expected that the decision will take one of three forms: the combined Court may hold that the

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condemnation of Dreyfus was secured on a sound basis of fact and under due process of law, and that the sentence is to stand; or, without going into the question of fact, the Court may hold that there were irregularities in the proceedings, and, as a remedy, order a retrial of the case before another court martial; or the Court may declare Dreyfus innocent and order him set free. In view of the gravity of the situation and the great importance attached to their decision, the Court may decide upon a rehearing of the testimony, or of certain parts of it, for the purpose of forming their own opinion in regard to the witnesses. If they do this, an opportunity will be afforded to bring forward any additional proofs of the guilt of Dreyfus. The general feeling seems to be that the Court must decide either to set Dreyfus free or to order his retrial; and the anti-Semites are hoping that the latter decision may be reached, because in that case the organization of the new court martial will be in the hands of the General Staff, and there is very little doubt of the character of a court martial made up in this way. In all probability it would, so far as it dared, repeat the history of the first trial.

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Two Revolutions A petty attempt at revolution in Nicaragua, led by General Reyes, has come to an end, for the present at least—for revolutions in Spanish-American countries have a fashion of reappearing after every one had supposed them dead and buried. General Reyes's little revolution died from paucity of support, and never had life enough in it to frighten the authorities greatly; as usual, its cause was chiefly personal ambition and a disposition to be "ag'in' the Government" as a principle. The revolution in Venezuela has been a little more serious, and may yet give trouble. General Guerra, the head of the revolutionists, sympathizes with the party led by Crespo in his lifetime; and Crespo's State, Guarico, is the scene of the contest. Guerra has two or three thousand men in arms, and is carrying on a guerrilla warfare. The Government is strong enough to cope with the insurgents easily if it can only put its finger on them; but their mode of warfare, like that of the Cubans, makes it hard to corner them and force a battle. An amusing illustration of the difficulty the Government finds in filling its ranks with volunteers is found in the story that a recruiting officer sent two hundred men to his superior accompanied by the following letter: "I send you two hundred volunteers; please send back the handcuffs." There is little doubt, however, that the sentiment of the business men and orderly people of Venezuela sustains the Government, and has no desire for a revival of the constant fighting and disorder of the Crespo régime. It is said that Venezuela has had forty-four revolutions in the eighty-nine years of its existence. The Spanish-American love of overthrowing authority is almost ludicrously in contrast with its lack of constructive power.

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The Facts

The situation in the Philippines is painful and confusing: painful because it compels the use of force by a Government which represents in a pre-eminent degree the methods of order, law, and peace; confusing because the situation is not yet perfectly mastered by knowledge, and because a good many people on this side of the ocean are bent upon adding to the confusion. That a free Government, based on the consent of those whom it rules, should be fighting, on their own ground, the people of a remote island, seems, on the face, to be a contradiction in terms; and that such a Government should be putting to death men who are apparently contending for their own freedom seems, on the face, not only an anomaly, but a crime. It is necessary, therefore, to keep the few basic facts in the situation clearly in view. It will take us a good while to familiarize ourselves with the new conditions and to reconcile ourselves to our new duties. It is well to remember, therefore:

First, that Manila fell into our hands, not by choice, but by the fortunes of war. Admiral Dewey did not set out to expand the sovereignty of the United States nor add to its territory; he set out to destroy the fleet of an enemy in the harbor of Manila. That enemy was, after a fashion, governing the group of islands; so far as they had any government, the Spaniards conducted it. We destroyed the Spanish

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power. If we had sailed away and left the islands, we should have left chaos behind us. We should have pulled down the sole authority in a community and then shrugged our shoulders and left the community to take care of itself. The sovereignty in the Philippines will be transferred from Spain to the United States by the Treaty of Paris, which now needs only the formality of ratification by Spain, but the responsibility for maintaining order and civilization in the Philippines was passed over to us the moment Dewey destroyed the Spanish force. We inherited all the moral obligations of the Spaniard on the spot. To have left Manila would have been the easiest and least expensive course, but it would also have been the cowardly and therefore the impossible course. The argument that we have complicated our future and added to our expenses ought to have no more weight with us than the same argument would have with an honest and courageous man when some difficult task is thrust into his hands—a task which he cannot refuse without being meanly selfish or cowardly. It is well to keep this fundamental fact in view and not to allow it to be blurred by sophistry on the one hand or appeals to prudence on the other hand. It is the controlling fact in the situation.

Second: the United States has no intention of reducing the Filipinos to the condition of a subject race. It has had no opportunity of ascertaining what their needs are or what their will is; it simply proposes to establish order, to set the processes of law in motion, and to create the proper conditions before determining what the Filipinos want or what they ought to have. As has been before pointed out in these columns, every grievance of which the Filipinos in their revolt against Spain complained was removed the instant the United States flag was hoisted; every reform upon which the Filipinos insisted went that instant into operation. The moment American rule began in Manila the political and religious conditions in the islands were advanced, not only beyond the demands, but beyond the conception, of the men who were striving against the tyranny of Spain. Aguinaldo is therefore in the field, not as a patriot, but as a disturber of the peace; as much so as if he were the leader of a riot in the city of New York. It is painful to resist him, for the country hates the use of force of any sort; but it is just as essential and inevitable under the circumstances as would be the use of force in putting down a riot in an American city. As to Aguinaldo himself, there is great difference of opinion. There are those who believe him to be honest and patriotic in his motives; there are others who declare that he is a mercenary and unscrupulous insurrectionist, bent, not upon freeing his countrymen, but upon getting the most for himself out of troubled conditions. To surrender the islands to him under present conditions would be to transfer our responsibility without any assurance that we were placing it where it could be properly carried. To put the island in his hands to-day would probably be to open it to disorder, bloodshed, and plunder. What this country is trying to do is not to put down Filipino patriots and make a subject people; it is trying to establish those conditions which will make it possible to find out what the Filipinos want, what they need, and what can be safely at this moment given to them. Aguinaldo is sacrificing the interest of his country either for a personal end or through ignorance; he is postponing the freedom about which he talks, and which, if he were in supreme authority, would probably be denied all Filipinos except those who work with him.

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The Organization of the Army

The question of army reorganization is one of immediate importance, and there is no little danger that it will receive scant attention from those who alone have the power to compel its right solution—the people of the United States. If the question were submitted to the people, Are you satisfied with the management of your army in the last war? the answer, No! would come back with an emphasis which would possibly startle even the apathetic and self-satisfied men who think or profess to think that all was well done. But if the second question were put, How shall the intolerable evils of the last campaign be prevented in the future? there would be but a feeble response,

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or rather a number of feeble responses. Lieutenant Parker, in his paper published on another page, is absolutely right in saying that this question can be answered only by experts, and that to a commission of experts it should be referred. But it will not be so referred unless there is a public demand, in the interest of the soldiers and of the country, sufficiently strong to counterbalance the demand for places in the army and for promotion by personal and political favor. America's experience in the Spanish-American war demonstrated—if demonstration were needed—that the appointment of young men, without experience in either military or civil life, to superintend supplies and transportation is fatal to efficiency in the Commissary and Quartermaster's Departments. America's experience in the Civil War demonstrated that the appointment of civilians, without education in military science or experience in military life, to command in the army is fatal to efficiency in the field. It ought not to have required experience to teach either lesson; it should have been enough to read any military history of the Napoleonic campaigns, in which military merit won an easy victory over political favoritism, so long as the two were matched against each other. The question whether merit or favoritism should dominate in our army is one on which the country does not need to wait for expert opinion. It should express its decision on this question in terms such that the stupidest demagogue—American equivalent of courtier—could not fail to hear and understand.

There are two other questions on which the people do not need to wait for expert judgment: the relation of volunteers to the regular army; and due subordination within the army.

The function of volunteers is settled by the Constitution in that clause which defines the power of Congress over the militia, as follows:

> To provide for calling forth the Militia to execute the Laws of the Union, suppress Insurrections, and repel Invasions.

This is the function, and the whole function, of our militia. It cannot be called upon to man our fortifications, or guard permanently our Western borders from Indian raids; still less to do service in foreign lands or in possible colonies. Its function is distinctly defined. If we have fortifications to be kept in order, or a border to be permanently guarded, or an invasion of another territory to be conducted, or colonies to be "pacified," we must depend on a Federal army, not on militia.

And, on the other hand, we need no Federal army to execute the laws of the Union, suppress insurrections, or repel invasions. As to the latter, we must depend on our navy to defend us from invasions, of which, indeed, we stand in no danger, except in case of possible war with either Canada or Mexico; and that danger is so remote that our militia is ample protection. That there may arise cases in which the militia is not sufficient to execute the laws of the Union and suppress insurrections, the Civil War demonstrated. But history abundantly confirms the proposition that it is safer to provide a special force for such a special exigency, should one arise, than to put into the President's hand a considerable force which he is free to use in repressing whatever he is pleased to regard as lawlessness or insurrection in any State. These two considerations should determine the size of the regular army. It should be large enough to man our fortifications, guard our border where it needs guarding, and do whatever foreign duty our new foreign policy may involve; and it should be no larger. It should not be made large for the purpose of either repelling invasion or suppressing lawlessness and insurrection. For this we should depend on the militia.

The second principle is equally clear: due subordination within the army. An army is not and cannot be a democracy. It must be under a single head. If any credence is to be attached to newspaper reports, this is not now the case in the American army. It is true that constitutionally the President is Commander-in-Chief, and all officers are subordinate to him. But, subject to this limitation, it is apparent that there has been no due subordination in the Federal army. The Commissary-General, Quartermaster-General, and Surgeon-General have apparently been independent officers, and their departments independent departments. The General Commanding has had no authority, certainly no undisputed authority. No one

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knows, even the President's Commission was unable to find out, who was responsible for the totally inadequate conveniences for landing our troops at Santiago, for the confusion worse confounded of the embarkation at Tampa, for the lack of medical stores and medical attendance, for the unpardonable inefficiency of the provision for the transportation of the troops after the war was over, for the equipment of soldiers in tropical and semi-tropical climates with clothing and food fitted for service in Alaska. The Departments which Lieutenant Parker describes—assuming that the division which he suggests is the best, a question to be determined by experts—should all be subject to the General commanding in the field, who could then be held responsible for the equipment and efficiency of the army as well as for the campaign which it is to conduct.

And a custom with all the force of law, if not law itself, should determine the relation between that officer and the Secretary of War. It appears to us that the Secretary, who is generally a civilian, should confine himself to the service which a civilian may be presumed competent to render—the drawing of contracts, the securing of supplies, and the proper, adequate, and prompt response to the requisitions made upon him by the commanding General in the field. It is certain that if the Secretary of War is to plan the campaign he must be an educated military officer; for war is a science, not to be comprehended instantly by intuition. It is certain that the attempt to direct military operations by a war office remote from the battle-field has rarely if ever succeeded—whether attempted by the Directory in Paris, by the War Office of George III. in London, or by Halleck and Stanton in Washington. The advance on Richmond ordered by Lincoln for political reasons, against the advice of military men, ended in the disastrous rout at Bull Run; the constant interferences with McClellan's plans made it impossible for the country to hold him responsible for their failure; and the first decisive successes of the war, we may almost say the only decisive successes on land, were won by General Grant in the West after he had cut the wires over which interfering orders came to him from Washington, and in the East after he had made it a condition of his acceptance of his office that he should not be interfered with.

These principles, then, we hold to be self-evident: that America should depend on its militia for special exigencies, and should adjust the size of its standing army to the permanent military needs of the Nation, at home and abroad; that every department in that army and all its staff should be subordinated to the commanding General in the field; and that the duty of the War Department should be to co-operate with the commanding General in the military operations which ought to be intrusted to his autocratic authority. These principles recognized, it should be left to experts to determine by what methods they can best be carried into execution.

In this editorial we have spoken of the army simply as a campaigning force in time of war. Its constructive work in time of peace, a work in which the commanding General in the field need not necessarily have any important share, we reserve for possible consideration at some future time.

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The Amsterdam Avenue Fight

New York City has not in years been so stirred by an anti-corporation campaign as by the present one against laying another set of tracks on Amsterdam Avenue outside the set already there, and thus practically turning that attractive street into a dangerous car-yard. This fight was begun a year ago, when some of the residents on Amsterdam Avenue succeeded in getting through both houses of the Legislature a bill to prevent the additional tracks, only to have the bill recalled when Mr. Edward Lauterbach, counsel for the Third Avenue Railway Company, notified the authorities that he so desired. The company went on getting permits from property-owners on Amsterdam Avenue until it claimed the consent of the requisite majority, and the fight against it seemed lost. At this stage, however, Dr. John P. Peters, of St. Michael's Episcopal Church, threw himself into the fight heart and soul, and carried his church with him. Money was raised by the church—or, at

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least, by the pastor with the church's approval—to fight the corporation, and the quickening spirit infused by Dr. Peters and a few conscientious anti-monopolists gave new life to the agitation. By means of the money raised a suit was begun to enjoin the laying of the tracks, on such grounds as that many of the consents had not been properly obtained, and last week this suit resulted in an injunction against placing the tracks in front of the property of St. Michael's Church and the other property-owner joining in the petition.

Meanwhile the work of awakening the public was carried on with unprecedented vigor. Daily newspapers took up the fight, and when, last week, a delegation was called for to go to Albany in support of a bill against the four tracks, seven hundred citizens responded to the call. It is doubtful if Albany ever saw such a delegation. In the Assembly the desired bill —one forbidding tracks within twenty feet of the curb on either side, and thus requiring the two companies to interlace their tracks or use the same tracks—was passed unanimously; but in the Senate the Railroad Committee reported it with an amendment opening the way to prolonged lawsuits to sustain the "vested rights" of the Third Avenue Company in tracks already laid. Inasmuch as the original bill made provision for compensating the company for the losses occasioned, the earnest friends of the bill fought the amendment, while the supporters of the street-car corporation insisted upon it. At present the latter seem to have a majority in the Senate, but the fight is not ended, and Governor Roosevelt expresses the belief that the unamended bill will reach him. If it does, the credit of the remarkable victory will belong to Dr. John P. Peters. Last Sunday, in response to circulars sent out by himself and the Reverend Father Galligan, of a Roman Catholic Church in his vicinity, urging that "the combating of evil is as much a part of religion as the encouragement of goodness," a good many ministers preached against the proposed confiscation of the public way. Dr. Peters's own sermon, read for him because of his exhaustion due to the fight, proclaimed in the spirit of the old prophets the curse of God upon wealth obtained through the injury of society.

A Lenten Thought

That the value of the Christian year is being more and more understood is evidenced by the increasing number of churches which, in one form or another, observe its successive commemorative or festival days. In the course of the twelvemonth it brings before the mind the great facts and experiences in the life of Christ, and therefore the great facts of human life and its critical experiences; for there is a fundamental relation between the things which came to Christ and the qualities which are in human character. The Lenten season brings home with special force the connection between the death of Christ and the sinfulness of men. The one was the direct result of the other; and it has been well said that the true character and significance of sin can be realized only in the light which comes from Calvary. That forty days should be set apart to the commemoration of the temptation of Christ is in itself significant of the great place which the experience of temptation, with its possibilities of moral disaster and wreck, fills in the life of men. In times of social disorder men are constantly reminded of the elemental passions and of the danger of their outbreak. During the French Revolution it was not necessary to tell intelligent Frenchmen that there were elements of violence and lawlessness inherent in the French life of the time; the presence of these elements was witnessed by a series of awful occurrences. In times of peace and social order, however, men are likely to forget that the great passions exist in society as strongly as ever, and that what prevents their destructive activity is not their extirpation, but the larger control to which they are subjected. It is only when some horrible crime startles an orderly community that the possibility of criminal violence occurs to most men. Many a man has gone on in full tide of an active and honorable life, until he has almost forgotten that there are such things as serious temptations, and has begun to feel himself almost secure from their attack. Suddenly, in an unexpected moment and from an unexpected quarter, he finds himself assailed with a force which astounds and perhaps terrifies him.

However highly organized society may

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become, and however thoroughly a man may organize his own moral life into character, the elements which make disorder and sin possible will always be present in society and in the individual life. Both society and the individual will grow in self-control, for that is what civilization fundamentally means; but neither society nor the individual will ever pass beyond the possibility of reverting to savagery, for that is what self-indulgence means. The Lenten season brings into consciousness the fact of this dangerous element in society and in individual life, and makes us aware again of the peril in which both society and the individual stand. That peril is part of the opportunity for character-building, which is the divine chance of life; without the peril there could be no opportunity. To be reminded of the peril, therefore, is not to be overshadowed and depressed; it is simply to be put on guard; to be warned that while we are amply able, with the means which are put in our hands, to protect ourselves, we cannot afford to ignore the presence of danger.

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The Spectator

The Spectator is not a sportsman, but he is fond of animals and glad to inspect new contrivances, so he went to the Sportsman's Show, held in the Madison Square Garden, New York, during the middle of March. The very first thing his eye lighted upon was the thing he most cared to see—the "game park." This was a wire-fenced inclosure divided into two parts, the lesser containing a young moose, a caribou, and a pure white fawn. The moose was a half-grown one, whose ungainly, hornless head was only a part of its general ugliness. It was interesting to note the flexibility of the long muzzle, made to scrape leaves from overhanging branches, or curl about the water-grasses and drag them up in the moonlight from the margin of some marshy forest tarn; but it was difficult for one to send his imagination that far as he watched this tame calf scoop middlings out of a box, and so the Spectator turned with more interest to the caribou. It, too, had an ugly head and no antlers, but, unlike the indifference of its fellow-prisoner, it betrayed a pathetic wonder at its strange situation, which it seemed to try *so* hard to comprehend. Standing motionless, as if paralyzed with amazement and dread, for many minutes together, it would slowly turn its oblong head and look fixedly in the faces of those about the fence with an expression of infantile puzzlement and desire for companionship that was very engaging.

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A less subtle point of interest was a comparison of the feet of these three animals. Though the moose, when fully grown, would weigh perhaps twice as much, and the buffalo three times as much, as the caribou, their hoofs were comparatively small and firm. Hence both, and especially the latter, often get mired. The Spectator has seen dozens of buffaloes drowning in the soft mud on the banks of the Missouri—this, of course, was years ago; and that is the explanation of the great numbers of skeletons of bisons and deer that may be obtained by digging in the sloughs about the salt-springs of Kentucky and other "bone licks." The caribou's feet, however, were exceedingly loose and broad—splayed, as we should say; the main hoofs were quite decidedly flat, and the two little hind hoofs were large, and spread out as additional props whenever the foot sank at all into a yielding surface. This is manifestly a provision for existence in a region of long-continued snows, similar to what was seen in the stuffed winter specimens of the varying hare, whose feet at that season become clothed with a long, tough wool and stiff hairs which enlarge them into a sort of snowshoes. Hence the caribou can move about in winter, seeking the cranberries and other food stored up for them, instead of having to stay almost quiet and nearly starved in trampled "yards," as do the other deer of northern regions.

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The little Virginia deer, in the same inclosure with the bison, paid no attention at all to their surly neighbor, and not much to the elk (wapiti), except to be alert to dodge the fore feet that once in a while struck at them viciously. The elk were a rather poor lot, and seen at their worst at this season, when they had cast their horns, and their rich winter

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coats were becoming ragged and fading into the dirty gray and yellow of summer. The common deer, then, were really more enjoyable, especially one gay little buck in a fine coat, who was delightfully excited by the noise and goings on about him. His big eyes gleamed with surprise at the moving crowd and the multitude of strange objects; his head was held high; his ears were pricked, attentive to every sound (though the liveliest airs of the military band seemed not to affect any of the beasts in the slightest degree), and every moment or two he would start in affright, and up would go his tail as he trotted off.

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That tail was a fine object-lesson in Wallace's theory of animal coloration, as brought about by natural selection. A curious similitude runs through the whole race of swift-footed horned mammals—deer, antelopes, and goats—in that every one has more or less white about the tail and the adjacent parts of the haunches, and also a tendency to decided marks on the face or throat. In the elk, it is a dull yellowish disk surrounding the tail; in the mule-deer, or blacktail, of our West, the stern is marked by two oval white patches, between which the gray tail, ending in a black tuft, is wagged continuously when the animal leaps away in alarm, by its peculiar elastic bounds. Our Eastern deer, when quietly feeding, betrays no more white behind than a mere V-shaped fringe to the broad tail. Let something alarm it, however, and up go head and tail. These are its private signals to either friend or foe. The white throat-patch and small white-edged ears are displayed as a house-flag to tell its name; the uprearing of the tail is a danger-signal to all its mates far and near, "Look out! something suspicious!" And these diamond-shaped white stern-patches and the distinctive carriage of the tail serve another important purpose, for they form sure guides through tall grass or thick woods or the darkness of night for the animals of a band to follow their leader, and particularly to enable the fawns to follow their fleeing dams. Men familiar with deer-hunting in the West have told the Spectator more than once that deer of any sort, with fawns, will rush through a band of cattle, or even through a band of different deer, in the darkest night, and never one mistake a stranger for its own kin, guided only by the white marks on the haunches of those ahead. So that a long line of philosophy hung to the tail of that gay little creature, who never dreamed, as he examined the Spectator so curiously through the wires, that he was equally an object of interest.

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There was plenty to see in the Show besides these and other engaging animals. There was a great black bear, in whose cage lived a white bull-terrier on terms of warmest friendship; and over their heads resided a quaint badger. There were ducks, pheasants, and quails; trout of various kinds—all pale with confinement; wildcats from Maine, and a couple of grand pumas; two English falcons in hoods and jesses, and hundreds of excellently stuffed animals and birds; and a birch-bark village of Canadian Indians. The galleries were filled with arms, camp accouterments, prepared foods, etc.; and on the roof would-be "champions" were banging away all day at disks of clay tossed erratically from a whirling-machine, to see who could hit the most. It amused them, and didn't hurt the plates of clay, which the Spectator is glad to find have almost wholly taken the place of live pigeons as targets for those least worthy of "sportsmen," the trap-shooters. Lastly, the Spectator discovered, poorly displayed, a few of the superb photographs of living wild animals and birds taken in the Rocky Mountains by Mr. William E. Carlin, of this city. This gentleman, with the feeling of an artist and naturalist, and the keenness and skill of a hunter, and with infinite pains and finesse, traced the lynx, the deer, the elk, small mammals of various sorts, and many birds, to their lairs, stalked them in their haunts, and caught upon his sensitive plates their attitudes, their expression, and their spirit. Nothing equal to these pictures has ever been done in this country; and they point the way to a new sport, which it is to be hoped will soon displace the cruel and wasteful destruction of life for amusement, whose wickedness a large part of this Show was intended to encourage as well as to exemplify.

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THE REGENERATION OF CUBA

BY GEORGE KENNAN[1]

II.

A Horseback Ride to Baracoa

WITH a view to seeing something of the wild, mountainous interior of eastern Cuba, and making the acquaintance of the native Cuban under conditions somewhat different from those that prevailed in the cities, I determined, soon after my arrival in Santiago, to ride across the country to the little town of Baracoa (Bahr-ah-ko'ah), which is situated on the northern coast of the island about forty miles west of Cape Maysi (May'see), and is the oldest inhabited place in the western hemisphere. Upon making inquiries with regard to routes and distances I learned that the best point of departure would be Guantanamo (Gwan-tahn'ah-mo), from which place there was a narrow, difficult, and little-traveled bridle-path, about one hundred and forty miles in length, leading down the Yateras (Yah-terr'as) River and along the coast of the Caribbean to the mouth of the River Jojo (Ho'ho); thence up the wild, tortuous gorge of that stream to Veguitas (Vay-gee'-tah), and finally over the "cuchillas" (koo-cheel'yahs) or "knife-edged mountains" of eastern Cuba to my destination.

On the evening of the 19th of December I stowed away my rain-sheet, hammock, cooking utensils, and camp equipment in a big water-proof bag, which could be conveniently lashed on a pack-saddle, put my camera, revolver, canteen, and spare clothing into a hand-bag, and drove down to a pier near the foot of Jaguey (Hag-wey') Street, where the steamer Thomas Brooks was taking on board passengers and freight for Caimanera (Kai-mah-nay'-rah), the port of Guantanamo.

From the crowd of people assembled at the wharf to bid good-by to friends, one might have supposed that the steamer was bound for Europe or Australia rather than for a port less than fifty miles away.

Scores, if not hundreds, of Cubans, of both sexes, all ages, and every shade of complexion, surrounded the gang-plank and extended in a line three deep along the edge of the pier; almost as many more, who had gone on board, crowded against the rail of the upper deck to exchange last words with their relatives or acquaintances below; and there was such a babel of cries, shouts, laughter, banter, and rapid, noisy conversation in Spanish, that I could hardly make my directions to my baggage-porter audible above the vocal clamor.

Promptly at ten o'clock the steamer whistled hoarsely for the third and last time; a steward walked back and forth from bow to stern, ringing a big dinner-bell and warning all except passengers to go ashore; the hubbub of cries, shouts, and unintelligible chatter became more and more shrill and impassioned as the gang-plank was drawn in; and a moment later we backed slowly out into the stream, the revolving screw churning up the shallow water into a sort of blackish soup, whose foul, sickening odor seemed to be the concentrated stench of all the sewage and garbage that had been washed down into the bay by the tropical rains of two centuries.

As soon as we had left the pier, the second-class passengers, who were mostly negroes or half-breeds, threw themselves down on the bare planks amidst their bags, bundles, baskets, bird-cages, and household furniture, and proceeded to make themselves as comfortable as possible for the night.

Picking my way aft by the dim light of a deck-lantern, and stepping over the recumbent bodies of men, women, and children, I left my hand-baggage in my state-room and returned to the bow to watch the progress of the steamer down the bay.

The night was clear and tranquil, and

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as the vessel's sharp stem cut through the glassy water, it shattered the perfect reflection of the lambent southern stars and the mirrored image of the crescent moon into a thousand dancing spangles of light, only to gather them together again and weld them into two long advancing waves of phosphorescent fire. Here and there a school of basking or sleeping fish, startled by the steamer's swift, noiseless approach, darted away in divergent streaks of radiance, like a flight of submarine sky-rockets, while far down under the ship's rail appeared the slowly pulsating disks of illuminated medusæ, drifting past like great submerged moons. I had never before seen the water on the Cuban coast so brilliantly phosphorescent. The slightest agitation seemed to be enough to turn it into liquid fire, and the steamer's wake stretched back for a quarter of a mile, like a broad highway paved with greenish gold.

About half-past ten we ran out of the harbor, through the dark, narrow gorge between the steep bluffs of Morro and Socapa (So-kap'ah), and as the steamer turned eastward and began to rise and fall on the long, regular swell of the open sea, I left the deck reluctantly and went to my stateroom.

At sunrise on the following morning we were alongside the pier at Caimanera. There was time enough, before the train left for Guantanamo, to take a walk about the village; but its low, swampy situation, dirty streets, one-story wooden shops, and palm-thatched huts could all be seen at a glance from the water-front, and were not attractive enough to make a closer inspection of them at all interesting or desirable. After drinking a small cup of black coffee and eating half a loaf of hard, crusty bread in a dirty café at the head of the pier, Lieutenant Laird and I took seats in the train and started for Guantanamo.

The country around the head of Guantanamo Bay seems to be everywhere low, marshy, and malarious, and shows no signs of life or cultivation. Swampy meadows, covered with coarse, wiry grass, alternate with mud flats, which in the rainy season become lagoons of brackish water; and even where the land rises a little above the level of the bay, it supports no vegetation other than scrubby trees, vines, catcuses, and dense thickets of prickly Spanish-bayonet. It impressed me as the dreariest, most unhealthful, and most uninteresting country that I had seen in Cuba, and as I looked at it through the car windows I doubted whether, even under the most favorable conditions, it would be capable of producing anything except swamp-grass, vultures, land-crabs, and malarial fever. I ought, perhaps, to add blockhouses, because there are no less than fourteen of them between Caimanera and Guantanamo on a line of railroad about twelve miles long; but blockhouses are a Spanish importation rather than an indigenous product, and are no more characteristic of this particular part of the island than of any other part. They are to be found everywhere, from Cape San Antonio to Cape Maysi, and must be regarded, not as Cuban products, but as monuments of alien tyranny, cowardice, and incapacity. Thickly as they were set along this short stretch of road, they never afforded it adequate protection, nor prevented the insurgents from tearing up the track and wrecking trains. If the Spaniards had built wagon roads across Cuba instead of trochas, and had boldly chased the insurgents into the woods and hills, instead of taking refuge themselves in forts and blockhouses, they might have lost more men in battle, but they would not have lost half so many in hospitals, and they probably would have crushed the insurrection in the first six months of its existence.

As blockhouses were the only stations on the railroad, and as they had long been abandoned, our train made no stops between Caimanera and Guantanamo, and reached the latter place at 8:30 A.M. Colonel Ray, of the Third United States Volunteers, the Commander of the Guantanamo district, and Mrs. Ray, his wife, gave me a cordial welcome, and in half an hour I was enjoying "all the comforts of home," or at least of a Cuban home, in the large and airy house formerly occupied by the Spanish Governor and now used as a residence by his American successor.

As I purpose to devote this letter mainly to my horseback ride across the island, and as I made another visit to Guantanamo at a later date, I shall not attempt, at present, to describe the town, or give an account of its terrible and calamitous experience during and immediately after the

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war, when its people were dying by the hundred of starvation and disease as a result of the blockade of Guantanamo Bay by the war-ships of Admiral Sampson's fleet. All that need be said now is that I remained in Guantanamo three or four days, purchasing supplies, gathering information with regard to the region that I expected to traverse, and making the necessary arrangements for horses and guide. On Friday I was joined by Lieutenant Blount (son of ex-Representative Blount, of Georgia), who had expressed in Santiago a desire to go to Baracoa with me, and shortly after daylight on the morning of Saturday, December 24, we met, by agreement, at Colonel Ray's house, and got our baggage together in readiness for a start.

Natives who make journeys on horseback through the interior of Cuba travel, as a rule, with very little baggage; but I had contracted fever, the previous summer, as a result of sleeping in a tropical jungle without shelter from dew or rain, and as I could not expect to find many houses on the trail to Baracoa, I determined to take a pack animal and carry along camp equipage enough to insure a fair degree of comfort. I provided myself, therefore, with hammock, poncho, blanket, canteen, twenty fathoms of small rope, an ax, a good cooking outfit, a week's supply of provisions packed in waterproof canvas bags, and a water-proof rain-sheet large enough to shelter the whole party. At the request of Colonel Ray, the Mayor of Guantanamo had detailed an officer of the Civil Guard—a negro named Julio Echeverria—to accompany us in the capacity of guide, and long before daylight Julio was waiting for us in front of Colonel Ray's house with a Spanish mule and three small but hardy Cuban ponies. To lash the provisions and camp equipage on the saddle of the pack animal was the work of only a few moments, and at half-past six, just as the sun was rising in unclouded splendor over the blue mountains east of the bay, we bade Colonel and Mrs. Ray good-by, climbed into our saddles, and rode out of Guantanamo on a broad, unfenced dirt road leading across a gently rolling upland to the sugar plantations of Jamaica and San Antonio.

Early as it was, the people of both city and country were astir. Bakers' boys were already going from house to house distributing loaves of freshly made bread; water-carriers had begun to fill their barrel-carts in a clear stream just east of the town; diminutive donkeys laden with bags of charcoal or small bundles of firewood were being led into the city by half-naked children from palm-thatched huts in the bush; and scores of negro truck-farmers, with baskets of lettuce, radishes, and string-beans on their heads, were trudging in to the early market from their little gardens four or five miles away. I was glad to see so many evidences of industry and thrift and so many indications that the rural population of eastern Cuba is slowly but surely getting on its feet. It has been robbed and harried almost incessantly for two years or more by both Spaniards and insurgents, and has been reduced to the verge of absolute starvation; but with the assurance of protection given by American administration and control it has gone back to work, and is now in a fair way to become not only self-supporting but prosperous.

The country through which we rode for the first three hours after leaving Guantanamo may be designated geographically as the Guantanamo valley, but from a topographical point of view it seems to be a somewhat broken or uneven plain sloping gradually to the bay from ranges of low mountains which bound it on the north and east. All, or nearly all, of it appears to have been at one time under cultivation, but, as a result of neglect due to the unsettled condition of the country, large tracts of it have been abandoned and are now overgrown with guinea-grass, Spanish-bayonet, weeds, bushes, and vines. The scenery, of course, is comparatively monotonous and uninteresting, but it is relieved and diversified to some extent by the bright green of the sugar-cane plantations which here and there border the road, and the stately royal palms whose slender white trunks and graceful feathery foliage lend beauty and charm to every landscape in which they appear. The prevailing flowers by the roadside were a tropical variety of cinquefoil with sulphur-yellow blossoms and strawberry-like leaves; a cream-colored morning-glory with a throat of deep pink, and a white, fuzzy, ageratum-like flower growing profusely in large flat umbels on a high herbaceous

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bush. The only birds that attracted my attention were wild pigeons, long-tailed Cuban blackbirds, and the omnipresent vulture.

The air in the early morning was fresh and cool, and a heavy dew lay on the leaves of the bushes that bordered the road, but as the sun rose higher and higher in an unclouded sky the heat increased with great rapidity, and before eleven o'clock my pocket thermometer indicated a temperature in the sun of 110°. There seems to me to be very little difference on the southeastern coast of Cuba between midsummer and midwinter. There is much more rain in summer than in winter, and consequently the humidity is greater, but the direct heat of the sun is no more trying in July and August than it is in December and January. The maximum temperature in the shade at Santiago in December is from 84° to 88°, and in full sunshine the mercury rises almost every day to 120°. If there happens to be a fresh breeze from the sea or the mountains, a sun temperature of 120° is fairly endurable, but in a dead, sultry calm it is rather trying even to the natives, and is apt to give an unacclimated traveler from the north a severe headache. Upon the advice of old residents in Cuba we decided to rest somewhere in the shade every day from eleven o'clock to three, and make up the lost time, if necessary, by riding at night.

Our first halt on Saturday was at San Antonio, a small settlement about fifteen miles northeast of Guantanamo, where the dirt road ends and the mountain trail to Baracoa begins. It is an insignificant village of perhaps twenty wooden houses and palm-thatched huts, grouped around an old sugar-mill, and connected with Guantanamo by a narrow-gauge railroad owned by the proprietor or proprietors of the San Antonio plantations. The machinery of the mill, although dirty and neglected, seemed to be intact; there were two uninjured locomotives in an adjacent shed; and the Spanish or Cuban overseer of the property, who welcomed us hospitably and gave us two bottles of lukewarm beer to quench our raging thirst, was making preparations to harvest the crop of nearly ripe cane and set the mill at work again. A small detachment of Colonel Ray's regiment was stationed there to guard the property and maintain order, and at the invitation of the soldiers, who were glad to see new faces and offered to do our cooking for us, we took our noonday siesta in the house occupied by them as a barrack.

At three o'clock, after a good dinner and a refreshing rest, we rode out of San Antonio on a narrow but well-beaten trail to the base of the wooded mountains which lie just east of the village, climbed the western slope of what seemed to be a low pass, and plunged into one of the wildest, darkest, and most tangled tropical forests that I had ever seen outside of Central America. The spreading tops of the immense, closely set trees met over the narrow trail, so as to shut out completely the direct rays of the sun and fill the woods with a gloomy, greenish twilight; long, slender lianes, some of them as smooth and even as deep-sea fishing-lines, hung from the leafy roof above to the matted and interlaced jungle of bushes, climbers, ferns, cactuses, and broad-leaved herbaceous plants below; curious blossoming parasites, which looked like huge red spiders crawling out of small clumps of Spanish-bayonet, grew in thousands on the trunks and lower limbs of all the trees that were not smothered in ivy; and here and there a colony of rampant vines had so overrun and taken possession of a bushy thicket or a clump of small trees as to turn it into a great mound of solid greenery twenty or thirty feet in height and more than fifty feet across.

Every living tree, bush, and plant in this great tropical forest seemed to be engaged in a slow and silent but absolutely merciless struggle for existence; and in one place I saw two large trees, which had sprung, apparently, from the same root, had grown side by side to a diameter of eighteen or twenty inches, and had then literally wrapped two of their branches around each other, and maintained their grip until the embracing limbs had sunk deeply into the solid wood of the growing trunks. If it was not a deliberate and semi-conscious attempt, on the part of each tree, to squeeze the life out of the other, I can only say that it looked like it. With the exception of the embracing limbs, not a single branch of either tree showed the slightest tendency to curve or twist in a lateral direction;

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and yet each of these two limbs encircled the trunk of the rival tree as closely and completely as if it were a human arm. In the fierce struggle for light, space, and air, the vines and creepers seemed to have the best of it, because they were able to overrun their competitors, and raise themselves above the ruck of ferns, cactuses, thorn-bushes, and clumps of Spanish-bayonet which crowded and smothered one another in the jungle. Most of the trees that made up this great forest were unknown to me, even by sight, and their names were not known, apparently, to our guide; but among the few that I recognized, or that Julio pointed out to me, were castor-oil trees, ceiba and mango trees of giant size, mahogany, lignum vitæ, and half a dozen different varieties of palm.

Of the topography of the region in which this forest is situated I have only a vague idea, for the reason that I was never able to get an outlook over it. We crossed a number of ridges or watersheds, and forded small streams in a number of valleys; but what relation these ridges and valleys bore to the topography of the region as a whole I was unable to determine, because I could never see more than fifty yards in any direction. I only know with certainty that we rode for six hours over the spurs or foothills of a mountainous country, and through a dense, dark, and apparently boundless tropical forest.

The trail, in most places, was fairly good; but after the sun set and the short twilight faded, the forest became a cave of Egyptian darkness, through which Julio seemed to find his way by a sort of miraculous intuition. There was a bright moon above the great leafy canopy which hid the sky, but its rays pierced the overhanging foliage only at long intervals, and fell upon the trail in small spots of intensely white light, which merely confused the eye and intensified, by contrast, the impenetrable gloom of the jungle.

But darkness was not our only trouble. Along the trail that we were following, the Spaniards, some years ago, erected a telegraph line to connect Guantanamo with Baracoa. In order to avoid unnecessary labor, they strung the wire on trees—sometimes parallel with the road and sometimes zigzagging irregularly and capriciously across it. Then, when the insurgents destroyed the line, as they eventually did, they cut the wire every two or three hundred yards and either snarled it up and threw it in a tangle on the ground, or left a slackened length or two hanging from tree to tree across the trail at a suitable height to catch an unwary rider under the chin and drag him off his horse. I won't undertake to say how many times, in the course of our night ride, Julio or Lieutenant Blount shouted back to me through the darkness, "Look out! Telegraph wire!" But how could I look out for telegraph wire when I didn't know whether it was on the ground or overhead, and couldn't see it in either case! I always "ducked" or dodged in obedience to the warning, and kept my head below the level of my horse's ears until I thought I had passed the point of peril; but I generally misjudged the distance and straightened up just in time to catch it in the neck. If, however, I escaped this misadventure, it was only to have my horse dance a quickstep under me with ten or fifteen fathoms of tangled wire around his hind legs. Then I would have to dismount and extricate him from the snarl; and I feel warranted in saying, as the result of repeated experiment, that there are few things more trying to the nerves and the temper than disentangling seventy-five or a hundred feet of bent and twisted telegraph wire from the hind legs of a frightened horse in the depths of a tropical forest at night.

About ten o'clock Christmas Eve, tired, hungry, and jaded from a ride of thirty-five miles, we emerged from the forest and halted at the edge of a little clearing, four or five acres in extent, on the left bank of the Yateras River. Coming out of the gloom of the great woods into the brilliant moonlight of that opening was like coming out of the Mammoth Cave into the light of a sunshiny day; and as I caught sight, forty or fifty yards away, of what appeared to be a house, I breathed a long sigh of satisfaction and relief, and said to Julio: "We'll stop here for the night." He was anxious to push on twelve or fifteen miles further, to a place that he called Baitequiri (Bai'te-kee-ree'); but I had had enough of dark jungle trails festooned with telegraph wire for one day, and insisted on going into camp.

Upon making a closer examination of

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the house, we found it to be nothing more than an old empty "shack" or palm-thatched hut of the regular Cuban type, with two open sides and a bare earthen floor. It did not promise much in the way of comfort, but as it had a tight roof and would shelter us from the dew, we decided to occupy it rather than go to the trouble of putting up the tent. I built a fire while Julio went to the river after water, and in half an hour Lieutenant Blount and I were sitting cross-legged on our ponchos in the moonlight, drinking tea and eating canned beef and Boston baked beans, while we compared impressions of travel, discussed the incidents of the day, and amused ourselves with speculations as to the way in which our friends were probably spending that Christmas Eve at home. We were too tired and sleepy, after supper, to wash the dishes, so, like shiftless housekeepers, we put them aside in a pile, to be attended to in the morning; and, stretching our hammocks between posts of the "shack," we went to bed in all our clothes, and fell asleep about midnight with the moon shining in our faces.

Our second day's ride was so different, in every way, from the ride of the first day, that I could hardly make myself believe we were in the same province, the same latitude, or even the same country. Two hours after leaving the deserted "shack," we came out, suddenly and unexpectedly, on the southern coast of the island at the mouth of the Yateras River—only twelve or fifteen miles east of the entrance to Guantanamo Bay. The trail then turned eastward and ran along a flat coral bench, or terrace, with a wall of high limestone cliffs on one side and the dark-blue expanse of the Caribbean on the other. The steep slopes of the mountains that rose above the broken and ragged cornice of the cliffs were scantily clothed with bushes and trees, and their prevailing tint—a dark rusty green—was relieved here and there by the orange-tipped candelabra of blossoming maguey plants; but on the terrace along which we rode there was no vegetation at all except a dense growth of rigid columnar cactuses, from eight to fifteen feet in height, which looked as if they had been brought there from the Great American Desert. A sharper and more extraordinary contrast than that between the luxuriant forest of palms, mango-trees, flowers, and vines through which we passed Saturday afternoon, and the hot, arid terrace covered with giant cactuses along which we rode Sunday morning, could hardly be suggested or imagined. Such contrasts, however, are common in the eastern part of Cuba, and are the result of purely local climatic or topographical conditions—particularly conditions that determine the presence or absence of water. As rain seldom falls in winter on the southeastern coast of the island, vegetation there must depend almost wholly, for moisture, upon streams that rise on the slopes of remote interior hills. In places where there are such streams, the flora is rich, varied, and luxuriant; but on the benches and terraces that border the sea the only shrubs or plants to be found are those that can exist for months under a burning sun without more water than they get from an occasional sprinkle of rain. It is quite possible, therefore, in many parts of the province of Santiago, to go, in half an hour's walk, from a luxuriant forest, filled with shrubs, flowers, and vines, to a strip of Arizona desert where nothing in the shape of vegetable life can exist except cactuses and sage-brush.

The heat under the cliffs, on the flat, rocky bench east of the Yateras River, was almost insupportable, even as early as nine o'clock in the morning; and we were more than glad when, an hour or two later, the trail left the coast and turned up a deep ravine, where a small mountain brook tumbled in cascades to the sea, under huge spreading ceiba-trees and groves of royal palm. There, in a cool, shady, and almost ideally picturesque nook beside the stream, we built a camp-fire, cooked our canned beef, beans, and tomatoes, and ate our Christmas dinner from a big rectangular strip of bark laid on the ground and decorated with wild flowers in honor of the day.

About three o'clock we got under way again and rode eastward, parallel with the coast, to a damp, densely wooded, and malarious valley, eight or ten miles further on, where we found a little settlement of two or three palm-thatched houses called Antonio. As it was then near sunset, and as the day was Christmas, we decided to stop there for the night, and make an early start on the following morning; but

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it was an unfortunate decision. The evening was still, hot, and close, and as it began to grow dark, swarms of gnats and mosquitoes from the damp woods and marshes along the river invaded the settlement, and compelled us to eat our supper and sit for hours afterward in a dense cloud of smoke, which a Cuban boy fanned into our faces from a little smudge fire of aromatic bark, and which had the blended fragrance of sandal-wood, church incense, and killikinnick. Fortunately, I had with me fifteen or twenty yards of cheese-cloth, which I had bought with a view to such an emergency, and by pinning strips of this together and suspending them from a rope over my hammock, I managed to get through the night in comparative comfort. Lieutenant Blount, however, who was attacked by fleas inside his cheese-cloth canopy and mosquitoes outside, spent three or four wretched hours in alternately searching his clothes and rearranging his mosquito-bar, and then, abandoning all hope of sleep, devoted the rest of the night to meditation over the smoldering embers of a low-spirited smudge. Whether Julio got any sleep or not, I don't know. The last time I saw him, he and two half-breed Cubans were squatting on their heels around a smudge, fanning smoke into one another's faces with their broad-brimmed palm-leaf hats.

Thanks to Lieutenant Blount and the mosquitoes, we were up Monday morning bright and early, and after a hasty Spanish breakfast of coffee and bread we rode eastward about four hours through a high, rocky trough lying between two nearly parallel ranges of mountains, three or four miles back from the coast. About eleven o'clock we crossed a divide which separated two watersheds and descended into the valley of the Imias (Eee-mee'as) River, a clear, cool mountain stream running through a belt of the tallest and most beautiful royal palms I had ever seen in Cuba. Hardly one of them was less than sixty feet in height, many of them seemed to be a hundred, and their smooth, symmetrical trunks were almost as straight and white as so many columns of polished marble.

A short distance from the river-ford, in a little clearing amidst the palms, we found what is known in Cuba as a "cantina" (kan-teen'ah)—a sort of country grocery where the peasant farmers of the neighborhood can purchase supplies, or exchange their cocoanuts, oranges, and bananas for sugar, coffee, tobacco, and rum. The proprietor of this canteen, a sallow young Cuban dressed in a gauze undershirt, a leather belt, and a pair of dirty cotton trousers, welcomed us with effusive hospitality; treated everybody to drinks; declared that the Cubans and the Americans were "a band of brothers;" waved a Cuban flag enthusiastically over Blount's head; said that the canteen, although nominally his, was in reality ours; and finally begged us to do him the honor of taking a Cuban breakfast with him. There was no resisting such generous and reckless hospitality as this, and in the course of half or three-quarters of an hour we were all gathered about a wooden table in front of the counter to eat yams and boiled rice furnished by the host, and canned beef and baked beans prudently smuggled into the kitchen by the American guests.

In the variety of types and costumes and the diversity of social ranks and conditions represented, it was one of the most remarkable breakfast parties that I ever had the pleasure of attending. Lieutenant Blount, in the uniform of the United States army, sat side by side with a coal-black negro in the uniform of the Cuban Civil Guard; the representative of The Outlook, in an old Red Cross jacket, passed the baked beans to a Cuban groceryman in a diaphanous gauze undershirt; two kinky-haired, barefooted negroes, for whom there were no chairs, stood up on the other side of the table and helped themselves with dirty hands to everything they could reach; while half a dozen customers of the canteen, who had not been invited to the feast, stood around in a free and easy way, casting covetous eyes at the beef and beans and taking part sociably in the table talk.

Lieutenant Blount did not seem to be as happy and hilarious as such company and such an environment should have made him, and when breakfast was over and the Cuban guests had duly wiped their mouths on their shirt-sleeves and their hands on their trousers, he rose from his chair and silently left the room. I found him, a few moments later, smoking and meditating in a hammock which Julio had slung between two posts of the horse-

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shelter at the end of the house. When I casually remarked that he had not seemed to enjoy his breakfast, he said, deliberately, and with an air of settled gloom, "That's the first time I ever sat down to breakfast with a nigger!"

"Is *that* so?" I replied, in feigned surprise. "Then you must have traveled very little. I had breakfasted with 'niggers,' dined with Chinamen, and supped with Eskimos before I was twenty. But you're young yet. If you knock around a year or two in Cuba, you'll have lots of opportunities to broaden your experience."

We began the last stage of our journey to Baracoa, at the mouth of the Jojo River, late Tuesday afternoon, after a hot and tedious ride of fifteen or twenty miles from the Imias canteen along a cliff-walled, cactus-covered terrace over the sea. We were then nearly opposite Baracoa, on the southern side of the island; and as it was no longer possible to avoid the mountains by skirting their bases on reefs, sea-beaches, and terraces, we forded the Jojo River, and, turning northward up its left bank, plunged into the wild labyrinth of the Cuchillas—a chaos of crowded peaks, domes, and sharp-edged ridges, whose sides, although of extraordinary steepness, were clothed from base to summit in a great mantle of vine-tangled jungle and forest. The Jojo River, whose water had the clearness and the delicate greenish tint of a fine aquamarine, flowed, for a distance of four or five miles above its mouth, through a chain of gorges and mountain amphitheaters of extraordinary wildness and beauty. Every five or ten minutes we would come out of a narrow ravine into what looked like a great, mountain-walled sink-hole, or well, in which the river seemed to have its birth, and from which I could see no possible way of escape except up one of the almost precipitous sides and over the edge; but just as I would shout to my traveling companion, "I don't see how we are ever going to get out of this," a sharp turn in the trail would disclose another deep, wild ravine, through which, either in the bed of the stream or along a narrow, rocky ledge, we would pass into another great mountain amphitheater higher up. If I counted correctly, we forded the Jojo River thirteen times in less than two hours, and it was long after dark when we finally left it and climbed a high, round-topped peak or dome on its eastern side to a house and little mountain farm known as Veguitas, where we stopped for the night.

Wednesday morning we were in our saddles at the earliest break of day, and, riding down a steep and difficult path into a profoundly deep valley where it was still dark and where the heavy dew on the luxuriant undergrowth wet us to the skin, we zigzagged up another precipitous mountain-side to a rocky buttress or shoulder of a higher peak; passed a great cliff whose face was hidden by an immense hanging curtain of vines; rode for a quarter of a mile along a narrow "knife-edge" or arète, from which we could look down hundreds of feet on either side into a wild ravine or a great sunken amphitheater lined with dark-green tropical foliage; and finally slid or scrambled down the dry bed of a mountain torrent into a valley almost as deep and dark as the one into which we had descended from the farm-crowned hill of Veguitas.

I despair of being able to convey in words any adequate idea of the extraordinary luxuriance of the vegetation, the beauty and variety of the flowers, and the wild grandeur of the scenery between the mouth of the Jojo River and the summit of the pass that leads across the Cuchillas to the valley of Sabanilla (Sah-bahn-eel'yah) on the northern side of the range. So varied and complex are the details of the magnificent mountain landscapes successively presented to the eye as one ascends height after height from the level of the Caribbean Sea to the crest of the insular divide, that it seems hopeless to attempt a description of them, and almost hopeless even to try to suggest them to the imagination. One can only make a sort of fragmentary and unpretentious catalogue of them, and then lay down his pencil with a frank admission of his utter inability to blend and recombine them into even a semblance of the complete and glorious picture that he carries in his memory.

The first thing, perhaps, that attracts one's attention in the gorge of the Jojo River and the pass through the Baracoa Cuchillas is the wonderful beauty and luxuriant growth of the flowers, vines, and trees. The island in that vicinity is so narrow that a large part of the aqueous

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vapor brought from the Atlantic in December and January by the cool northeasterly trade-winds gets across the comparatively low barrier of the insular divide before it is condensed and precipitated. The result of this is to give the mountain valleys on that meridian a relatively copious rainfall, and the combination of abundant moisture with hot sunshine stimulates vegetation to a growth that I have hardly seen equaled elsewhere in Cuba. Limes, oranges, guava-trees, wild bananas, cocoanut and royal palms, breadfruit-trees, mangoes, and alligator pears grow in abundance all along the Baracoa trail north of Veguitas; the dense forests on the slopes of the mountains are full of delicate maidenhair and other ferns with fronds sometimes two feet across and four or five feet long; flowering plants, shrubs, and trees of great size and extraordinary beauty attract the eye at almost every step; and the road in places is so overarched and shut in by vines that one cannot get an outlook of twenty yards in any direction. As one ascends the pass the character of the vegetation changes with the increasing altitude, and at the summit one enters a forest of large, scattered pines; but less than half a mile below there are wild orange-trees hanging full of golden fruit.

The scenery, owing to the steepness and variety in form of the crowded mountains and the great depth of the intervening valleys, is everywhere picturesque and beautiful, and the view from the crest of the divide, where one can look northward over a great expanse of the Atlantic and southward over the blue, shimmering plain of the Caribbean, is not surpassed by anything I have yet seen in Cuba. Even Julio, our phlegmatic negro guide, who had never before seemed to take the slightest interest in scenery, stopped at the summit of the pass, gazed silently for fully three minutes at the magnificent cyclorama of mountain and sea, and then said, with a long sigh of appreciative admiration, "Bonita"—It's beautiful!

I have left myself little room in which to describe, from the point of view of a horseman, the Baracoa trail *per se*, but it is remarkable enough, and perilous enough, to deserve at least twice the space that I have given to scenery, vegetation, and flowers. I have traveled on horseback in Kamchatka, in Siberia, in Nicaragua, in the mountains of the Altai, and in the mighty range of the Caucasus; but I think I have never seen, in any part of the world that I have yet visited, a trail which, for twenty miles together, was so utterly, hopelessly, and irredeemably bad as the trail across the Cuban Cuchillas. I call it a "trail" merely by courtesy. It really isn't anything of the sort. It is nothing more than a devious, circuitous, zigzag, back-and-forth, up-and-down route, by which a Cuban pony, at the peril of his own and his rider's life, can climb, jump, slide, and scramble from one side of the range to the other. Not a stroke of work has ever been done on it since Diego Velasquez founded the town of Baracoa in 1514. It climbs mountains as steep as the Chilcoot Pass; it descends the dry beds of torrents where in the rainy season the water must fall in a continuous series of cascades at an inclination of three thousand feet to the mile; it runs along narrow cornices, through steep, rocky corridors paved with boulders, down broken stone steps, over slanting masses of iron ore covered with a wet film of ferrous oxide as slippery as mucilage; and finally, on the Baracoa side, it falls to the level of the sea and becomes a swamp road of liquid mud almost as deep as it is wide. From the time when we left the hill farm at Veguitas to the time when we made the last breakneck descent into the valley of Sabanilla, I never had a feeling of perfect security for ten consecutive minutes, even when I dismounted and scrambled down the worst places on foot. The result of my Cuchilla experience was to give me a feeling of profound respect for the Cuban mountain pony, as the best all-round jumper, climber, and scrambler in the world, and a feeling of equally profound contempt for a government and a set of officials who were capable of leaving an important line of interior communication in such a condition for three whole centuries.

Late Wednesday afternoon, tired, hungry, and splashed from head to foot with mud, we dashed at a gallop into the town of Baracoa, after a ride from Guantanamo of about one hundred and forty miles. My next article will give an account of what I saw in and about the town of Baracoa itself.

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The Army Problem

Questions of Size, Organization, and Administration[1]

By John H. Parker

First Lieutenant Thirteenth Infantry, United States Army, Author of "The Gatlings at Santiago" and "Tactical Organization and Uses of Machine Guns in the Field."

THE size of the regular army is a matter which depends mainly upon considerations of National policy. Its organization should be based on purely military reasons, and its administration should be governed by purely business principles. In determining its size we must consider the past, present, and probable future needs of the United States, the internal and external policy of the country, the uses to which the army is to be put, and the wishes of the people; but in working out its organization, the controlling factor is that of efficiency. Having decided upon a certain number of men, large or small, the army should be so organized as to get the greatest degree of efficiency. No other consideration should enter the discussion. The money is spent; the people demand the best possible service in return. The problems of administration are no other or greater than are met every day in the business world. A certain number of men are to be clothed, sheltered, fed, doctored, paid, and sometimes punished; certain articles are necessary to accomplish this, and must be either bought or manufactured: in all this we have nothing but what the individual business man meets every day in his life and grapples with successfully. The Government can do it just as well, if it uses business methods. The problem being thus resolved into its elements, let us consider each of the three separately.

SIZE OF THE ARMY

This has lately been a much-mooted question. But two short years ago it was not possible to get a proposition to increase the army acted upon, even in Congressional committee. It then consisted of 25,000 men, and there were seacoast works about to be completed and there were not even men enough to keep them policed. Yet the temper of the people would not permit even a fair consideration of the subject in committee. Bills to supply this necessity were again introduced in 1897, but the people again objected, and nothing was done. At last, when the war found the Nation's defenses absolutely unmanned, Congress grudgingly consented to a permanent increase of 5,000 men, and authorized a temporary increase to 62,000.

The United States has over forty posts in the Indian country at which it is necessary to maintain regular troops, for the reason that order cannot be maintained without them. There are nearly twenty-five seacoast points that must be manned, or else the Nation will lose by deterioration an immense amount of valuable material. There are some twenty-five central points at which experience has demonstrated the necessity of bodies of troops for general purposes. The number actually necessary to properly man these ninety places is not less than 75,000 men. This is entirely aside from any consideration of the army as a nucleus for wartime, or as a training-school for future soldiers.

In the last war the army proved to be more than a mere nucleus. It did its duty well in that respect, but it did more. It was the regular army that fought out the war in land operations. The treaty was ready to be signed before an efficient army of volunteers was organized. There was no fighting of any consequence except at Santiago, and in this only one volunteer regiment participated with effective results or with great credit to itself. In this is emphasized the fact that the regular army is more than a mere nucleus and conservator of military knowledge. It is a keen and trenchant blade, always in effective condition, whose metal can be always relied upon, and which is always ready to leap from the scabbard at lawful command. It is the first bulwark of defense of the Nation against any foe, foreign or domestic; and the necessity for making that

[1] See also an editorial on another page.—THE EDITORS.

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bulwark a strong one cannot be overstated. Modern wars do not wait for volunteers to be equipped and trained. The Chino-Japan war had only two months of active operations; the Greco-Turkish war about the same; the Austro-Prussian war, six weeks; the Franco-Prussian war was decided at Sedan, about two months after hostilities began.

The late Spanish war saw a decisive campaign begun and ended between June 22, at Daiquiri, and July 17, at Santiago. From this we deduce that it is necessary to have a strong and effective force ready at the beginning of hostilities—there will be no time to wait for the creation of one afterward. In order to be sure of having such a force ready, it must be prepared in peace and kept ready. These arguments point to a much larger force than 75,000 for the United States.

On the other hand, we have the advantage of a "splendid" isolation, and this has been a strong incentive toward a small military force in the past. That isolation is growing less "splendid" as the march of commerce successively brings us nearer and nearer in point of time to our international neighbors, and the argument grows weaker with every reduction in the time to cross the oceans. Leaving entirely out of the question foreign possessions, we find that the weight of argument on this head is toward a larger force than the United States has had in recent years. Add to this the fact that there has been a constant complaint in recent years of an insufficient number of troops for peace purposes, and the case is complete. Based on these arguments, we cannot well consider a less number of troops than that required to actually man our existing defenses—at least 75,000 for the home country.

The size of the army is a matter of vital interest to the country. The stability of some definite size or basis is still more a vital question to the officers upon whom the country relies for its efficiency. The man who enters the army abandons all other vocations. He burns his bridges behind him, and becomes in a few years unfitted for other occupations, while becoming daily more valuable in military knowledge and experience. It is no small matter to him to find his tenure of office dependent upon partisanship, which may at any election turn him adrift to shift as best he may. The highest degree of efficiency can hardly be expected of any man under such conditions. It therefore becomes highly important to settle the matter of the size of the army on some suitable, permanent basis in order to prevent a recurrence of the "reorganization" of 1869, still remembered and dreaded by all officers of the army.

With this end in view, army officers, expert in organization, have steadily advocated for years a permanent settlement of the question on the basis of population, so that the army shall be sufficient at all ordinary times for the needs of the country, and shall grow with those needs from time to time. It has steadily been their object to take the army out of the realm of politics, as has been done with the civil service. The latest recommendation was that of General Miles, of a fixed basis of one soldier per thousand of population—a basis which will give for the present force of the United States about 75,000 men, the number already set forth as indispensable. It is hardly conceivable that the presence of one soldier among a thousand citizens can endanger their liberties or entail a grievous burden for his support. In a city of 10,000 people it is beyond reasonable presumption that ten soldiers will endanger the commonwealth. A single company of soldiers could hardly terrorize the city of Rochester, nor could the presence of a couple of regiments create a panic in the city of New York—yet these are apt illustrations of the comparative number of soldiers thus recommended. The settlement of the question on this basis would be a permanent one. If we add the provision that, as a result of each census, the army shall be increased or diminished according to its results, we put the whole matter on the sound basis of common sense and take it out of politics forever.

It is especially worthy of note that, in spite of the recent variations of public opinion on this subject, the position of those army officers who are students of the subject has not changed. When it was a foregone conclusion that no favorable action could be had, they were firm and decided in their recommendations; and when the popular pendulum swung to the other extreme, when the politicians demanded 100,000 or 125,000, they still held

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the same position. This was because they based their estimates upon what they knew to be the needs of the country, regardless of the variations of popular sentiment and of all considerations of personal interest. It has been argued that the sentiment of the army must become unanimous before action is taken. That argument is preposterous. Not all officers are equally students of or equally qualified to pass upon the subject. They are scattered all over the world, and have no chance to confer about it. Under these conditions it is wonderful that their sentiment is so unanimous as it is. The correct solution is to take the conclusions of the recognized experts.

ORGANIZATION

If, therefore, we accept a basis of one soldier per 1,000 of population, we have now the problem of organizing an army of 75,000 men. This problem is one that should be solved by experts in the army. If a business man desired to start a factory, he would draw on skilled labor and experience in his line of business; the founder of a newspaper would employ, to assist him, trained journalists. The proper organization of an army, surely, is not more exempt from these common-sense principles than the establishment of a canning-factory. There is an abundance of talent available, and it should be used. If doubts are entertained as to the authoritative wisdom of any one man, then pursue the wise policy of the President in this as in other matters: appoint a commission composed of eminent authorities, and act on their judgment. Above all, do not leave so important a matter to be the patchwork of a horde of politicians, office-seekers, and place-hunters for themselves or their relatives; some of whom are strongly suspected to value the appointment of a son or relative above the interests of the public service, and all of whom have political fences to keep in repair, and who must bend to the eddying gusts of popular sentiment or else retire from public life. A commission composed of military experts whose collective views would command international respect could be drawn from the United States army; their views would be based upon the sole consideration of the greatest degree of economical efficiency.

Some of the considerations which would govern the decision of such a commission can be readily seen. Having a fixed limit of men, they would consider what are the relative weights of the different arms of the service—infantry, cavalry, artillery, and machine guns—and would fix a set of ratios between the arms, depending upon their relative importance and expensiveness. They would then fix the ratio of special troops—signal men, engineers, general service men, hospital men, etc.—to each other and to the total number of men. These ratios would be based upon the special and technical knowledge and experience of the commission, and would determine at once the number of men to be assigned to each arm of the service and to each special corps.

The number of men being known, they would next solve the problem of minor organizations. In this the conclusions are sought from the other end. We have up to this time reasoned from the whole to a part; we now reason from the part to a whole. To illustrate: in organizing so many men as infantry, the problem is not to divide so many men into so many arbitrary units, but to first organize one tactical unit on sound tactical principles. The number of men and officers contained in this unit will at once determine how many such units can be organized with a given number of men. The same process will give the organization of each of the other arms, and a moment's figuring will determine the number of officers and the number in each grade from Colonel down.

They have now organized so many tactical units of each separate arm, and the proper complements of special troops corresponding thereto. They are now ready to organize these units into divisions, army corps, and, if necessary, armies. These will depend, again, upon the military exigencies of the hour, and the solution of these problems will determine the number and rank of the higher officers.

The relative numbers in the different arms is a subject too technical to discuss in such an article as this, and such a discussion would be conclusive of nothing: but the foregoing statements are basic principles. They cannot be disregarded in any rational solution of the army problem.

The infantry is the backbone of all

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armies, and must be the bulk of their numbers; but the cavalry of our army are good infantry, and can also perform indispensable functions of a purely cavalry nature. Its present ratio is somewhat less than one-fourth, while the infantry has rather less than seven-twelfths of the numerical strength. The artillery now holds about one-sixth. These proportions would be somewhat modified by the new factor in army organization—machine guns—but not materially so, since the number of men required in the new arm is relatively small. Probably the ratio would settle at about the following: Machine guns, 4 per cent.; artillery, 16 per cent.; cavalry, 24 per cent.; infantry, 56 per cent., of the fighting force.

These figures, however, are merely approximate; they represent only the judgment of one officer, and have no value beyond that. So also a set of figures might be given as to the proper organization of special arms, but such figures would not be conclusive. The principal point is that herein is suggested a method of obtaining a set of figures that will carry weight with all the people and with all the army.

ADMINISTRATION

The administrative organization, as before stated, should be dealt with as a purely business affair. Here are certain things to be done; what is the best and cheapest system to do them? Administration resolves itself at once into some such division as follows: 1, Records; 2, Supply (including Pay); 3, Sanitation; 4, Superintendence. There is hardly a thing connected with the administrative service that cannot be classified under one of these heads. For example, the Department of Records would keep a complete history of each man; would make notes of all orders and their execution; would take cognizance of all delinquencies and their punishments; would perform, in short, a large part of the duties now belonging to the Adjutant-General's office and the Judge Advocate General's Department. The Department of Supply would employ much expert talent, and would take most of the duties now devolving upon the Quartermaster's Commissary, Ordnance, and Pay Departments, while that of Sanitation would care for the health and quarters of the army in peace and war.

The new Department of Superintendence would assume part of the duties now devolving upon the Adjutant-General's Office, part of the present Inspector's Department, and would constitute the "General Staff," so called. It would plan and supervise; the rest of the army would be a machine to execute.

A Military Commission capable of organizing the line of the army would probably be capable of organizing the administrative departments equally as well. Possibly the Supply Department would be all the better for an infusion of practical business sense in the Commission from the ranks of great organizers in civil life. The man who can organize and operate a great iron-mill can organize the business end of a gun-foundry; he who can successfully run a great department store can feed and clothe a few thousand men—it is in his line of business. It does not necessarily follow that a good Indian fighter could do so, nor that a great strategist or tactician will be the best man to feed and clothe a body of men. In all human probability, the organization of the Supply Department could be better performed by a commission of successful merchants and manufacturers than by one of army officers. A special mixed commission would be better than either.

I have sought herein to analyze the method of solving the army problem, rather than the solution itself. If there were any one man, soldier or civilian, so distinguished in all the various fields of knowledge that would be entered that his opinion would command universal approval, then the whole subject might be safely left to such man. But there is none. Hence we fall back upon the views of a majority of experts. The size of the army should be determined, undoubtedly, by Congress. Hence a committee from that body should weigh all the facts and determine some standard that would settle the question of numbers. Authority should then be given by law, if necessary, for the appointment of a commission of military experts on organization to determine the solution of the remaining problems. Their final plan would be conclusive; the whole matter would then be

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definitely settled on a rational and stable basis, until some new development of tactical science should make modifications necessary.

The problem of National defense is a great one; it is worthy of the brightest minds, the keenest intellects, the soundest judgment, and the most level-headed common sense in the country. Such questions are never settled until settled right, and the present is an auspicious time for the right settlement of this question.

The Many-Sided Apostle Paul

By Henry van Dyke

THREE interesting books relating to the Apostle Paul were published in America in the autumn of the year 1898. The value of these books is that they are all realistic. They are the product of first-hand study as distinguished from second-hand learning. They give a vivid impression of Paul as a veritable person. One result of reading them is a residual conviction that Paul never has been, and probably never can be, completely explained in a book.

The first of these volumes is by Dr. Orello Cone, ex-President of Buchtel College.[1] He writes from the point of view of an accomplished scholar, who is also a Unitarian. In three chapters he sketches Paul as a man, laying especial emphasis on the supposed controlling influence of environment and early education upon his character, and making his conversion mainly the result of an imaginary process of reasoning. The next four chapters trace Paul's career as a missionary, finding an irreconcilable contradiction between the account given in his own letters and that which is recorded in the Book of Acts, and rejecting the latter as being of later origin and in the main untrustworthy. In the last eleven chapters Dr. Cone describes Paul as a teacher, thus frankly, though unconsciously, confessing a predominant interest in the dogmatic aspect of the subject. The method of the writer in this larger part of the book is simple and thorough. He denies that those Epistles which seem to call for a broader explanation of Paul's theology are genuine. He accepts only six Epistles: Romans, 1 and 2 Corinthians, Galatians, 1 Thessalonians, and Philippians. He follows, through these Epistles, certain distinct lines of thought and doctrine, with remarkable vigor and acumen, treating each line separately, and making each so sharp and black that it seems to cross the others in hopeless contradiction. He gives the most rigorous and complete exposition that this century has seen, of what might be called the hyper-Calvinism of Paul, declaring that he taught that the sacrifice of Christ was a legal satisfaction to the wrath of God, that salvation depends upon believing in this doctrine, and that such faith is possible only to the elect. Thus Dr. Cone, writing from the Unitarian point of view, carries Paulinism to an extreme, and then dismisses it as "a speculation which is not to be taken seriously."

The second book is by Dr. Lyman Abbott, pastor of Plymouth Church.[1] In his "Life and Letters of Paul" he approaches the subject from the point of view of spiritual biography. It is the history of a great soul, the record of a dominant personality, that attracts him. Himself a preacher of religion rather than a constructor of theology, the author feels a profound and impassioned sympathy with his subject. He writes as one whose business it is to speak to men about life, recognizing in Paul a master-workman in the same field; a seer, a poet, an orator, a man touched with sacred fire and burning to communicate it to others. This is the man that Dr. Abbott sees and loves. He regards his conversion as a divine event, not a gradual result of reasoning, but an actual revolution wrought by God, on the Damascus road, by the manifestation of Christ. He thinks of Paul's subsequent history as a marvelous growth both in grace and in knowledge, and inter-

[1] *Paul, the Man, the Missionary, and the Teacher.* By Orello Cone, D.D. The Macmillan Company, New York.

[1] *The Life and Letters of Paul the Apostle.* By Lyman Abbott. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

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prets his teaching as a progress in doctrine. He emphasizes this idea of growth so strongly as almost to make it appear that Paul's early teaching was seriously hampered and beclouded by the Pharisaic traditions which still clung to him. Dr. Abbott treats the Epistles as a reflection of the life in which Paul beat his theology out on the anvil of experience. He finds the clearest and fullest light of Pauline teaching in the letters of the imprisonment.

The third book is by Dr. George B. Stevens, of Yale University.[1] It is called "The Epistles of Paul in Modern English." It takes all the letters which are ascribed to Paul in the New Testament and translates their thought, rather than their words, into the language of to-day. The aim of the translation is not beauty, nor eloquence. In these qualities the present English Bible is unrivaled. But the object of this new rendering is to get rid of the sense of remoteness, of antiquity, and to bring the letters home to us, as if they had been written yesterday, by a real man, to people whom he really knew and loved. Of course, if this can be done, it must give the letters fresh interest. Beauty is not the most interesting thing in the world. Sometimes beauty is chilling, benumbing, tiresome. Life, personality—that is the thing that captures us and makes us tingle with sympathy.

This new translation of Paul's Epistles lacks the familiar charm of phrases consecrated by centuries of religious use, the haunting music of language so exquisitely chosen and woven that it clings to the memory like poetry. But, on the other hand, the very absence of these attractions makes the thought and purpose of Paul stand out more clear and sharp. There is a singular lucidity and directness, a powerful practical flavor, in the paragraphs of these ancient letters, thus newly expressed in such calm and straightforward English as might be used by the minister of a modern city church in writing a pastoral to his people. Seen in this dress, the ideas of Paul lose their aspect of old-fashioned formality and move with vigorous freedom as contemporary thoughts, through the crowded and confused scenes of nineteenth-century life. Reflected in this mirror, the image of Paul becomes more vivid and convincing. The strange contrasts in his character emerge distinctly, but with them comes a clearer apprehension of the magnificent personality in which they find a vital reconciliation. The various phases of his teaching appear with new sharpness and brilliancy, but evidently as different facets of the same crystal.

We catch sight of the working of that mighty power through whose possession Paul was made the most influential human being that has ever lived on earth. We come in contact with the secret of the abiding interest of his personality, which has drawn men of all temperaments and schools, for seventeen centuries, to the study of his brief writings and the meager story of his life, and which makes him to-day one of the living and dominant figures on the stage of human thought.

I.

It is of this secret of interest that I propose to write in the remainder of this paper. What was the personal quality in this man which made him the fit apostle of Christianity as the universal religion? Why was it that he was able to leave such a profound impression upon the thought and life of the human race in so many different places and under such widely varying conditions? How has he succeeded in drawing and holding the attention of the world more powerfully and more permanently, perhaps, than any other one man who has appeared in history? What is the reason, in short, why the personal influence of Paul ranks second, in breadth as well as in depth, only to the personal influence of the divine Christ?

A very simple answer suggests itself at once. It was because Paul stood nearest to Christ. It was because Paul became the leading messenger and representative of the religion of Jesus to the nations of the world. This position alone is enough to account for his eminence. The chief exponent of Christianity must be, next to its divine Founder, the most interesting person in Christendom.

But this answer is not a real solution of the problem. It is, in fact, nothing more than a suggestion of deeper and more searching questions. How was it that Paul stood nearest to Christ? He had not been one of the personal followers of

[1] *The Epistles of Paul in Modern English.* A Paraphrase. By George Barker Stevens, Ph.D., D.D. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

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Jesus during his earthly ministry. How did it come to pass that he, instead of Peter or James or John, became the most prominent and powerful representative of Christianity? All three of these Apostles, and probably others, held higher ecclesiastical rank than Paul did. Indeed, it would be very difficult to define precisely the official rank of Paul in the Church. He was certainly not the bishop of any diocese, nor the moderator of any assembly. A mere theory of inspiration will not account for his pre-eminence in power. The other Apostles were as much inspired as he was.

Is it, then, because he actually exercised a greater influence over men that he has been recognized as the chief of the Apostles? This explanation brings us back to our original question. Why, and how, did he exercise this greater influence? Why did Christianity find in this man its clearest, widest, and most forceful expression?

The answer to this question, it seems to me, must be found in the superlative greatness of Paul's character. And this greatness was made up of two elements. First, the extraordinary many-sidedness of his nature; and, second, the absolute singleness of his purpose. The one element brought him into complete and unwavering subjection to the personal Christ, made him entirely the ambassador and utterly the bond-slave of Christ. The other element put him into vital relations with all classes and conditions of mankind, kept him in touch with the manifold problems and aspirations of humanity, and made him able to become all things to all men. The many-sidedness of his nature was the secret of his freedom and breadth of access to the human field. The singleness of his purpose was the secret of his intensity and continuity in conveying the divine force. The union of both elements was the double secret of his unparalleled influence in the world.

A few words may serve to bring out more clearly these two points in his character.

II.

Many-sidedness is not the same thing as versatility. A gun set on a pivot may be discharged in any direction by being turned. A light kindled on a hill-top shines in all directions without turning. Versatility is the power of changing the direction and the mode of effort at will. Many-sidedness is the vital relation of interest, of comprehension, and of action, around the whole circle of life. Versatility is a form of cleverness. Many-sidedness is an endowment of greatness. No man ever had more of it than Paul; and no man ever made a better use of versatility in its service.

It was by no means an accident that he was the possessor of a threefold citizenship. It was a symbol of his nature. He was a Roman citizen, in full touch with the civilizing and unifying force of empire. He was a citizen of Tarsus, one of those prosperous and active Greek communities in Asia Minor, in which the arts of life flourished and the culture of the individual was dominant. He was also a birthright member of the Jewish nation, "a Hebrew *sprung from* Hebrews." The triple forces of human civilization—the racial instinct, the individual impulse, and the power of imperial organization—were all familiar to him, and for each of them he had comprehension and sympathy.

All forms of life interested him. He was a private workman, a tent-maker, able to earn his living by his trade; and he understood the ambition of industry, which seeks liberty to do its own work quietly and to enjoy the fruits of its labor. (1 Thess. iv., 11.) He was an orator; and he understood the temper and significance of that most social of all arts, which aims first at winning the sympathies of other men in order that afterwards it may influence their actions. (1 Cor. i., 17; xiv., 19.) He was an organizer of new provinces in a universal empire; and he understood the passionate desire of the builder in spiritual things to do his work thoroughly, from the foundation upwards. (Rom. xv., 20.)

Paul was characteristically a city man. If there was any side on which his interest was defective, it was the side that looked towards nature. His illustrations were not drawn from birds and flowers, but from civic entertainments, national games, social relations, religious ceremonials, and military conflicts. Yet even in regard to nature he had a profound feeling for her deeper aspects. It would be difficult to find a more poetic interpretation of the mysterious sorrow and hope of the inarticulate world than that passage in

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the Epistle to the Romans which makes us hear the whole creation groaning and travailing together until now, waiting for the manifestation of the sons of God.

How keen and delicate was his perception of the facts of human life! How closely he traced the subtle threads which bind men and women together as husbands and wives, parents and children, masters and servants, teachers and pupils, rulers and subjects! The primary and unalterable relations of mankind, the social forms in which the mysterious potency of human life always has been and always will be cast, to him were facts of intense interest and forces of immense power. He did not despise them, nor seek to deny their reality, after the fashion of the narrow-minded doctrinaire. He did not attempt to destroy them, nor to reduce them all to a set pattern of uniformity, after the fashion of the fanatical reformer. He felt their veritable value. He wanted them to abide and develop in all the manifold variety of life. He wished to use them as radiating lines of power for the transforming religion of Christ.

Paul loved abstract doctrine. But he loved it for a practical reason; because it could be applied directly to the problems of concrete life. He would labor to give a truth its highest, its most mystical, its most absolute expression. And then, in the next breath, he would show that it had an immediate bearing on the plainest questions of human duty. Take, for example, the truth of redemption by the sacrifice of Christ, and see how Paul applies it to the practical problems which must arise every day in a mixed church like that of Corinth. "If a Jew becomes a Christian," says Paul, "let him be content to be a Christian Jew. Not nationality, but obedience to God, determines Christian character. Christianity does not purpose to break up national and social distinctions. If a slave is converted, let it not trouble him that he is a slave; let him use his position as a slave in a Christian way, and not seek to become free on the ground that he has become a Christian. For in Christ social distinctions disappear in a higher unity. The Christian slave is Christ's freeman, and the Christian freeman is Christ's slave. You all belong to one Master; your relation to him transcends all other relations. Let each be content in his providential station." (1 Cor. vii., 17–23. Stevens's paraphrase.)

Paul was a tremendous logician—in streaks. He would take a proposition and follow it, with eager and unswerving dialectic, to its logical conclusion. And then, when the same process of pure logic would seem to force him on to a further conclusion, which his spiritual common sense rejected as inconsistent with the moral instinct, he would make a clean break with logic, and appeal directly to life. Thus, for example, in the Epistle to the Romans, he draws a logical parallel between Adam and Christ, showing that, as Adam's sin brought death to all, so Christ's righteous obedience brought life to all, and that the law, which made transgression abundant and evident, was the means of calling out the more abundant mercy of God. From this it would follow, by logic, that to sin plentifully would be the way to obtain plenty of mercy. But here Paul has no more use for logic. He breaks away to life. No, he cries, this cannot possibly be so, *simply because we know, as a matter of fact, that it is not so.* When we accept Christ, we die unto sin. His crucifixion—the sacrifice that takes away our sin—is also our crucifixion, which makes an end of sin in our hearts. When we believe in this sacrifice, we take part in it. It is not merely the end of the old life, it is the beginning of the new life. And this new life, of which we are certainly conscious, is righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Spirit.

Paul's mysticism is the safeguard of his logic; and his intense practicality is the safeguard of his mysticism; and his broad, warm, sympathetic humanity is the safeguard of his practicality. He believed that his doctrine was from God. Therefore he preached it with absolute authority, as a divine revelation. But he believed quite as firmly that his doctrine was for man. Therefore he preached it with constant reference to the unalterable facts of human nature, as the sure way of spiritual elevation for manhood. He held that truth must make for goodness. Whatever did not make for goodness he instantly refused to accept as truth.

Nothing is more beautiful, or more wonderful, in the character of Paul than the breadth of interpretation which he

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gave to the idea of divine revelation. He recognized it, not only in the utterances of the prophets, but also in the events of human history, in the processes of nature, in the aspirations of the ethnic religions, and in the universal conscience of man. He seemed to wander up and down the world, looking always and everywhere for the relics of the divine image in human nature, seeking among the ruins for gold and silver and precious stones which he might bring together and build upon the new and eternal foundation. He was not blind to the evil in Jew and Gentile. But his quest was for that which was good in each of them—the dim memory of the forgotten and forsaken God, the faint sense of the misinterpreted and unknown God—this was what he looked for. And he was enabled to find it in many places where others would have despaired of it—in Galatia and Macedonia and Corinth, in Ephesus and in Rome; he found it, and he brought it together into the beginning of the universal Church, because he was a many-sided man, in touch with the whole circle of needs and interests and hopes which make up the life of humanity.

III.

The peril of many-sidedness is instability. The man who takes an interest in many things is in danger of having many masters, of following different aims in contrary directions, of changing not only the method but the purpose of his work, so often that the result of his life is nothing but a foolish medley of incoherent fragments. His tastes disorganize his principles. His path runs zigzag and terminates at some half-way house, on an excursion.

Paul was saved from this peril by the magnificent singleness of his life-purpose. He did many things, and he did them well because he did them with a single aim. It is a mistake to suppose that Paul ever said, "This one thing I do."[3] The words "I do" are not in the text. The true translation of his saying should read: "This one mark shall be upon all things that I do; forgetting the things that are behind, and reaching forth unto the things that are before, I press towards the goal, for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

[3] *The Ambitions of St. Paul.* By W. Garrett Horder. London, 1897.

The calling of God in Christ Jesus—that was Paul's calling in life, that was his one vocation, with its manifold duties. For him to live was Christ; and to preach was Christ; and to make tents was Christ; and to go on a journey was Christ; and to collect gifts for the poor was Christ; and to help save the crew of a wrecked ship was Christ; and to organize churches was Christ; and to comfort a friend in trouble was Christ; and to suffer was Christ; and to write was Christ; and to die was gain, because dying was not death—that also was Christ.

From the eternal moment on the Damascus road when Paul saw that the crucified Jesus whom he had been persecuting was not a heretic Jew, justly slain for his blasphemies, but the true and living Christ of God—from that moment the many-sided life of Paul was organized around a single purpose: to make this Christ known, by all means, in all relations, to all men.

This was the starting-point of his theology. While he thought that Jesus was not the Christ, he saw in the death on the cross nothing but the punishment of the folly and falsehood of the Nazarene. As soon as he was convinced that Jesus really was the Christ, the death on the cross was transformed into the revelation of the righteousness and love of God. There was no other alternative. The sinless one, the glorious one, did not die for sins of his own. He could not have died in vain. Therefore he must have died for us. God was manifest in him reconciling the world unto himself.

This was Paul's single, supreme, unchanging revelation. Out of this germinal gospel, implanted in his many-sided nature, came all that he believed, all that he taught, all that he did in Christ's name.

He was clear and constant in his testimony that he never preached any other gospel. (1 Cor. xv. Galatians.) His theology grew, but it never changed. All that was in harmony with this central message he accepted, as it was made clear to him in spiritual experience. A broader interpretation of the atonement in its significance for all mankind; a more searching and vital conception of faith as a consecration of the whole life to its object; a deeper and clearer view of the incarnation of God in Christ throughout that perfect life which was consummated in

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the atoning death—doubtless in such things as these the soul of Paul was led from glory unto glory as by the Spirit of the Lord.

In the practical life, also, it is certain that he was always learning to make new and larger applications of his immutable Gospel. He saw how men tried to twist it away from goodness, and the Spirit taught him how to guard it against perversion. He saw how men failed to use it in their daily lives, and the Spirit inspired him with counsels of perfection drawn from simple love to the personal Christ. His gospel meant one thing in Philippi, and more of the same thing in Corinth, and more of the same thing in Ephesus, and more of the same thing in Rome. Its meaning always unfolded, but never altered. To faith, it meant peace with God, because the gift of Christ as our Saviour makes us sure that God loves us and has forgiven our sins. To hope, it meant the certainty of resurrection and immortal life, because Christ rose again from the dead. To love, it meant the joyful dedication of body, soul, and spirit to noble service, for the sake of Christ who loved us and gave himself for us.

Nothing could be more absurd, more false to the facts, than to make this message of Paul a mere gospel of escape from the law by belief in the vicarious sacrifice of Christ. Such a view of his gospel would make it and keep it a purely legal gospel. Satisfaction of the law would be still its main theme and motive. It would differ from the religion of the Pharisees only in the way in which it proposed to satisfy the law. It would present a view of justification based upon a different ground indeed, but which in its results, if they did not go beyond escape from the law, would be just as incomplete, just as formal, just as dead, as justification by works.

Paul's message was certainly a gospel of escape from the law; but it was that because it was something infinitely more. It was a gospel of escape into life.

This was the new birth that came to him when he saw Christ. In the old life his chief concern had been to fulfill the demands of the law; and that was not really a life at all; it was a kind of death, not only because it was a hopeless struggle, but also because it was a subordination of the inward to the outward, of the vital to the formal, of the spirit to the letter. In the new life Paul felt that he was set free from the task of fulfilling the law, not merely because Christ had satisfied all its conceivable demands, but also because Christ had brought him into an utterly different relation to God; not outward, but inward; not formal, but vital; not literal, but spiritual.

Paul's message was more than a doctrine of law satisfied in Christ; it was a proclamation of life begun in Christ. There was as much righteousness in this new life as there was in the old law. But it was a new kind of righteousness. Certainly it was not a fictitious kind of righteousness, a mere legal justification, a formal transfer of the merits of Christ, by some mysterious decree of a supreme court, to the credit of the believer. It was a real righteousness, living and working itself out in the life of man. But it differed from the old righteousness in two things. First, in its origin: it was not human but divine; and therefore it must be received by faith. Second, in its operation: it was not conformity to a rule, but guidance by the Spirit; and therefore it must be perfected by love.

Paul's teaching amounts to this. We are not saved through law; we are saved through life. Life does not mean outward obedience. That is only the shell of life. Real life means faith and hope and love. The only source of this life is in God. Christ alone brings this life near to us, makes it accessible, sweeps away all hindrances, and invites us to enter into it by giving ourselves entirely to him. To live, according to Paul, means to believe in Christ, to hope in Christ, and to love Christ, because he is the human life of God.

To proclaim, illustrate, and embody this gospel was the single purpose of Paul's manifold labors and teachings. What are called the progressive phases of Paul's doctrine are in fact nothing more than various applications of this same gospel to the problems of human life in different conditions.

In Thessalonica, for example, men had fallen into despondency and gloom because life was full of trials and persecutions, and because death was fearfully prevalent in the city. Paul sent them a letter to remind them that they must have hope in

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Christ, because he certainly would come again, and at his second coming the dead would surely be raised up in glory. Probably Paul thought that this second advent was very near at hand, though he did not actually say so. But the point of his teaching was not that Christ was coming *to-morrow*, but that he was *surely coming*, and that therefore Christians ought to be hopeful and of good cheer in him.

But this teaching, being perverted, made the Thessalonians not only more cheerful, but also more careless, more indifferent to duty, more idle and irresponsible. Then Paul wrote to them again, not changing his gospel, but giving it a new application. The hope of Christ's coming was not only a source of cheer and comfort; it was also an encouragement to fidelity, to industry, to patient and sober living. His followers must watch for his appearance in glory. But they must remember, also, that his presence is with them now, dwelling in them and filling them with peace and good works.

These two letters of Paul to the Thessalonians, springing directly from real life, are the best of all commentaries on Christ's parables of the Talents, the Pounds, and the Wise and Foolish Virgins.

It is commonly assumed, and frequently asserted, that Paul had comparatively little knowledge of the life and the discourses of Christ as they are recorded by the evangelists. On the contrary, it seems to me that, though the books which we call the Four Gospels were not written in their present form until after Paul's time, the facts of Christ's life, the substance of Christ's teaching, the features of Christ's character, were the very groundwork of all the doctrine and ministry of Paul. The eternal value which he finds in the death of Christ, the divine glory which he beholds in the resurrection of Christ, are dependent upon his knowledge of Christ's sinless life, complete obedience, and perfect character. The interpretation which he gives to the great ideas of worship and duty and virtue is the direct translation of Christ's discourses on the hillsides of Galilee and in the temple-courts of Jerusalem. The theology of Paul is the teaching of Jesus unfolded in the light that comes from the lifted cross and the empty sepulcher. The Pauline gospel is the word of Christ, *plus* the redeeming work of Christ, *plus* the person of Christ in resurrection glory and power.

Here, then, is the supreme eminence of Paul. It is in the history of his soul that the world finds the first portrait of the living Christ. Before the everlasting significance of the ministry of Jesus was recorded in the Gospels, it was embodied in the many-sided life of Paul. A man who touched the whole circle of human interests, a man of thought and feeling and action, a philosopher, a poet, a workman, an organizer, a citizen of the world—this was the man who was chosen to receive the vital impression of that personal Christ who is the express image of God, and the eternal pattern of humanity, and the only Saviour of the world.

Books and Authors

Books of the Week

[The books mentioned under this head were received by The Outlook during the week ending March 3. Prices will be found under the head of Books Received in the preceding issue of The Outlook. This weekly report of current literature will be supplemented by fuller reviews of the more important works.]

NOVELS AND TALES

Mr. Frank Norris, the author of "Moran of the Lady Letty," has published, through the Doubleday & McClure Company (New York), a study of San Francisco life under the title *McTeague*. The work shows distinct power. It is an effort to deal with real life at first hand, and so far as this goes it indicates a sound instinct on the part of the writer. It is a misfortune that he should have devoted so much skill and virility to the description of a life so essentially without spiritual significance, and so repulsive in its habit and quality. There is, it is true, a touch of idealism in the relations of the two elderly lovers who appear in the story; otherwise the reader is immersed in a world of bald and brutal realism from beginning to end, and is brought into association with men whose vulgarity and

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brutality are unrelieved by any higher qualities. This is a serious artistic defect Mr. Kipling has often given us studies of coarse and even vulgar men, but he has always exhibited them at some point as possessing deep human feeling, a sense of duty, courage, fellowship, or humor. In Mr. Norris's story there is not a trace of these higher qualities. With the single exception of the two lovers, it is a monotony of brutality from beginning to end. If it is faithful to life, it is entitled to the credit due to sincerity; but its power is misdirected. In two instances at least, the story descends to descriptions of incidents which have no place in print; to comment upon or even suggest them is vulgar to the last degree. It is to be hoped that Mr. Norris will find subjects better worthy of his power.

Of three minor novels before us, Walter Raymond's *Two Men o' Mendip* is far the best, despite a tragic ending; for, like the same author's "Love and Quiet Life," it has true romance, true humor, and delightful Somersetshire rustic characters and drooning dialect. (The Doubleday & McClure Company, New York.)——Jane H. Finlater's *Rachel* (same publishers), on the contrary, is a quite unnatural, rather high-keyed story of a mystical preacher who (we are asked to believe) could read the future and became famous by his prophetic ravings—in short, the book is *too* original.—H. D. Stacpoole's *The Rapin* is a story of Paris, French to the finger-tips: one might easily take it for a translation. Its realistic creations of Parisian journalists, artists, and *boulevardiers* are often unpleasant, but no one can doubt that Mr. Stacpoole knows his Paris. There is a slight idyllic story-thread, but for the most part the tale, although unquestionably clever, leaves as disagreeable an impression of Paris as does M. Zola's novel "Paris." (Henry Holt & Co., New York.)

Mr. Harrison Robertson, who is a member of the editorial staff of the Louisville "Courier-Journal," has published a carefully written and very interesting Kentucky story, *If I Were a Man*. The story barely attains to the dimensions of a novel; it may be more accurately described as a long short story. It is a study of Kentucky politics, made from first-hand observation, bringing out very clearly the vices of the machine and the "boss" system, without, however, that touch of cynicism which men who have mastered this side of our political life usually impart to their work. It is a good story from every point of view; carefully written, well balanced, and thoroughly wholesome. There is promise in it of strong, sane work in the future. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

To the Thornton Edition of the novels of the Sisters Brontë has been added *The Tenant of Wildfell Hall*, in two volumes; and to the Gadshill Edition of Charles Dickens, volumes 31, 32, 33, including "Edwin Drood" and "The Christmas Stories." This edition, which has been described at length in these columns, will be completed by the publication of the thirty-fourth volume. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

Swallow is H. Rider Haggard's latest novel. The heroes and heroines are Boers, Kaffirs, Zulus; and the most jaded imagination must respond to the wild stories of love and adventure that make this novel. The supernatural plays an important part in the plot, and the childlikeness and cruelty of the Kaffirs is brought out with startling distinctness. There is the merest hint of the political conditions in South Africa. The situations, luridly dramatic, never arouse the sympathies of the reader for the white heroine, because it is so evident that she is going to escape at the right moment. (Longmans, Green & Co., New York.)

BIOGRAPHY AND LITERATURE

Mr. Alexander Carlyle has edited a mass of MS. left by his uncle, and has published the result in a volume of *Historical Sketches of Notable Persons and Events in the Reigns of James I. and Charles I.* Carlyle had intended to write a history of the Civil War and of the Commonwealth, and had made extensive studies toward that end. In the course of these studies his view of Cromwell was so modified and enlarged that his interest centered in the figure of the great Protector, and he was diverted from his original design in order to prepare his study of Cromwell, based largely upon Cromwell's letters, which for the first time presented that statesman with adequate breadth of view. The history of the Com-

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monwealth was never written; but Mr. Alexander Carlyle has drawn from the MS. which Carlyle had prepared a substantial volume, the chief value of which lies in a series of portraits of persons who figured prominently in that stirring era. The chapters show the need of Carlyle's revision and condensation. They are fragmentary and in many instances desultory; but they are also full of striking portraits. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

Professor A. E. Hancock's *The French Revolution and the English Poets* is well described by its title as "A Study in Historical Criticism." It was originally prepared as a thesis for the doctor's degree, and was completed, the preface tells us, before the publication of Professor Dowden's very interesting discussion of the same subject—a discussion presented in this country two years ago in a series of lectures. Professor Hancock has been a careful and intelligent student of the period which he traverses; and his volume has a scholar's orderliness, clearness of method, and continuity. After describing the signiffcance of the Revolutionary movement, and characterizing Holbach, Helvetius, and Rousseau, with a chapter on William Godwin, the influence of the Revolutionary movement on Shelley, Byron, Wordsworth, and Coleridge is traced in a series of compact studies. Students of the period will occasionally find themselves differing from Professor Hancock in some of his generalizations; but they will be quick to recognize the conscientious workmanship of his volume, and its insight into the spiritual development of a group of the foremost English poets of the century. (Henry Holt & Co., New York.)

The latest addition to the volumes of the Famous Scots Series is a thin volume entitled *Pollok and Aytoun*, by Rosaline Masson. These two condensed biographies describe the pathetic careers of two laborious and aspiring Scotchmen, neither of whom can be said to be great from the point of view of to-day, and yet each of whom made a very considerable impression upon his own time. Probably very few people in this generation read "Pollok's "Course of Time;" it had, however, an extraordinary success. Published in the year of its writer's death, it had attained in the following year a circulation of not less than twelve thousand copies, and at that time the sale showed no diminution. The poem has passed through many editions. Its success was a surprise to its young author—a man of intense earnestness, of great scholarship, and of distinct literary talent. The "Course of Time" has practically passed into oblivion; but its scope, the dignity of its materials, and the magnitude of work spent upon it show clearly enough that if Pollok had lived he would have made the utmost of his gift. His story is a singularly pathetic and appealing one—full of great hopes, high ambitions, overwork, and the tragedy of early death. Aytoun became a professor in the University of Edinburgh in his thirty-third year, and found his place in the brilliant circle which at that time made the picturesque city a literary center. His "Lays of the Cavaliers" contain some striking work. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

Dr. W. G. Aston set himself to a very difficult task when he attempted to contribute to the series of "Literatures of the World" *A History of Japanese Literature* in one volume. That literature is so remote from the literature of the Western world that the Occidental reader needs a preparatory education in order to discover the Japanese point of view and to be able to appreciate the quality of the Japanese mind and art. A writer on the literature of any Western people may safely assume a certain knowledge on the part of his reader; Dr. Aston had to assume complete ignorance. He had to deal with the literature of a different civilization, covering a period of over twelve centuries; a literature which is still very imperfectly explored by European students. It is probably within half a century that such students made their first approach to Japanese literature. The historian of that literature must therefore give us a very broad view, and must deal with general intellectual and social conditions as well as with specific works. This is what Dr. Aston has done. He has devoted very little space to criticism or to personal impression, but has endeavored to make his book a contribution to the history of culture as well as of literature, to introduce translations freely, and to present such biographic matter as would be essential to the understanding of the

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literary work which he treats. His book is compact; he has had uncommon opportunities of studying his subject, and his work is entitled to confidence on the score of accuracy. It will serve as an excellent introduction to the fuller study of Japanese literature which must come in a few years. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.)

Professor T. W. Hunt's *English Meditative Lyrics* is a small volume confined to the study of English lyrical poetry, with special illustration from Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth, Byron, Keats, the Brownings, Arnold, and Tennyson, with chapters on the Elegies and Hymns, and an introductory chapter on "Lyric Verse." (Eaton & Mains, New York.)

HISTORY

A work of fresh and varied interest comes from the pen of a Mohammedan scholar and jurist, Ameer Ali, Syed, M.A.C.I.E., Judge of the High Court of Judicature at Fort William in Bengal. His *Short History of the Saracens* is a concise account of the rise and decline of the Saracenic power, and of the economic, social, and intellectual development of the Arab nation. Although the author's claim that we owe to the Arabs the invention of the mariner's compass and the telescope is quite untenable, we owe them for the intellectual quickening which they imparted to mediæval Europe enough to bind us to grateful remembrance of them. What Cordova was in the tenth century as a center of culture, art, and commerce far surpasses any achievement of Christian Spain. What Mohammedanism is capable of is better exhibited in the empire of the Saracens than in that of their successors the Turks. The little which the ordinary reader knows of it is limited to its career of conquest from the Persian Gulf to the Atlantic. The larger interest of Ameer Ali's work lies in his account of the civilization developed by that brilliant race of whom he writes with the sympathy of a coreligionist, while impartially recognizing the faults through which it fell. (The Macmillan Company, New York.)

There has been no more seasonable publication at an opportune time than *The Christian Conquest of Asia*—the title given to the Morse Lectures in 1898 at Union Theological Seminary, New York, by Dr. John Henry Barrows, now President of Oberlin College. These lectures, comprising his studies and personal observations of Oriental religions, have a special claim on attention now that recent events have brought our country into close connection with Asiatic peoples. Dr. Barrows is no ordinary traveler writing a diary of his tour. As a lecturer in India he has repeatedly faced subtle Hindus in close argument. His researches have shown him the religions of Asia at their best as well as at their worst. He is not wanting in appreciation who can speak of Mohammedanism as "the second best of religions," of Buddha as "the sweetest saint in the non-Christian world," and who admits that Confucianism, so far as it stands for filial piety, education, and moral discipline, "would lead to some improvement in the homes, schools, and politics of Western Christendom." A Christian critic who reports, like Dr. Barrows, that "there is a deep chasm existing now between the educated Hindu and the average missionary," which the stronger men in the missions are trying to fill up, has claims upon the confidence even of the skeptical. Popular ignorance and error about the Orient and its religions are far worse among us than the European ignorance about America that we ridicule. Dr. Barrows's book is, therefore, a book for all who care for enlightenment on matters of growing importance to us. We specially commend this book also to those of our neighbors who are tryir g to import from India a religion broken down there after trial for thousands of years. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

RELIGION AND THEOLOGY

The addresses delivered in St. Paul's Cathedral during Holy Week, 1898, by Dr. Creighton, Bishop of London, have been seasonably published under the title *Lessons from the Cross*. They are characterized by freshness as well as devoutness of thought in the view they present of the Passion of Christ as "a revelation of human life and of human motive upon its largest scale." The treatment given to the case of Pilate seems particularly illuminating and practical. It is, however, difficult to reconcile the Bishop's statement that Jesus knew that his answer, "Render unto Cæsar the things that are

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Cæsar's," etc., "dealt the death-blow to his popularity," with St. Luke's statement about it, that "they were not able to take hold of the saying before the people." (T. Whittaker, New York.)

Reconciliation by Incarnation, by Principal Simon, of the United College, Bradford, England, is a work of elaborate thought by a distinguished theological teacher. Reserving it for notice at greater length hereafter, we regard it as in the main, though with some serious inconsistencies, in accord with the tendencies now reconstructing the traditional theology. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

Dr. N. D. Hillis's book on *A Man's Value to Society: Studies in Self-Culture and Character*, has now reached its twelfth edition. As the sub-title indicates, it is concerned rather with the value of a man than with what it imports to society. Its chapters are not all of equal merit, though all of interest. Sparks fly from the author's anvil in all directions. But, whatever he touches, wherever he points, he never fails in touch with Christ, or to point to him as the ideal of manhood. (The F. H. Revell Company, New York.)

MISCELLANEOUS

The Development of Thrift, by Mary Wilcox Brown, is a capital popularization of the work that has been done in helping working people to independence by savings banks, co-operative banks, building and loan associations, mutual insurance societies, and kindred organizations of every sort. The author is the General Secretary of the Henry Watson Children's Aid Society of Baltimore, and has followed with care and insight the work of philanthropic as well as co-operative societies in the direction of lessening the dependence of the poor upon what is generally but wrongly called "charitable" aid. To use one of her own quotations from Lowell, she feels that the only true charity is that which "lifts up the manhood of the poor," and that the giving of all our goods to the poor without this spirit "profiteth nothing." With this conception of the way philanthropy should work, she has described the present-day agencies for the development of thrift with unusual spirit, and has made the subject unusually attractive. In a few passages she shows that she has not mastered statistical details, but these do not seriously mar the moral value of the book. (The Macmillan Company, New York.)

The second volume of *The Encyclopædia of Sport*, edited by the Earl of Suffolk and Berkshire and Messrs. Hedley Peek and R. G. Aflalo, completes this exceedingly thorough and comprehensive work. Among the more important titles are Mountaineering (Sir W. M. Conway), Polo, Racing, Riding, Rowing, Shooting, Skating, Obsolete Sport (under which, by the way, is treated cock-fighting, which we fear is not obsolete in the territory of the United States' political wards), Swimming, Trotting, Trapping, Yachting. Nearly two hundred minor topics receive adequate treatment. Twenty full-page photogravures, finely printed, and very many smaller pictures give the work full illustration.

Books Received

For the week ending March 10

AMERICAN BOOK CO., NEW YORK

Selections from Edmond and Jules de Goncourt. Edited by Arnold Guyot Cameron. $1.25.

FUNK & WAGNALLS CO., NEW YORK

Morgan, Rev. Vyrnwy. The Cambro-American Pulpit. $2.

GINN & CO., BOSTON

Homer's Odyssey. Edited by Charles W Bain. 45 cts.

HARPER & BROS., NEW YORK

Peck, Charles H. The Jacksonian Epoch. $2.50.
The Martyrdom of an Empress. $2.50.
Skinner, Henrietta Dana. Espiritu Santo. $1.25.
Elliott, Sarah Barnwell. An Incident and Other Happenings. $1.25.

D. C. HEATH & CO., BOSTON

Walther, Johannes. Allgemeine Meereskunde. Edited by Susan Adelaide Sterling. 75 cts.
Grinnell, Elizabeth and Joseph. Our Feathered Friends. The Sir Roger De Coverley Papers. Introduction and Notes by William Henry Hudson. 40 cts.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT CO., PHILADELPHIA

Macfarlane, Charles William. Value and Distribution. $2.50.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., NEW YORK

Newbolt, W. C. E. (Canon and Chancellor of St. Paul's). Religion. $1.50. (The Oxford Library of Practical Theology.)

THE MACMILLAN CO., NEW YORK

Kingsley, Mary H. West African Studies. $5.
Veblen, Thorstein. The Theory of the Leisure Class. $2.
Oman, John Campbell. The Indian Epics. The Ramayana and the Mahabharata. $1.
Ward, Hon. Adolphus William, LL.D. A History of English Dramatic Literature. In 3 Volumes. Per set, $9.
Nicholl, Edith M. Observations of a Ranchwoman in New Mexico. $1.75.
Wilson, the Ven. James M. The Gospel of the Atonement. $1.
Edmund Burke's Speech on Conciliation with America. Edited by Sidney Carleton Newsom. 25 cts.
Bradford, Gamaliel. The Lesson of Popular Government. Two Volumes. $4.

R. H. RUSSELL, NEW YORK

Hill, Constance. Story of the Princess des Ursins in Spain. $1.75.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK

Hornung, E. W. The Amateur Cracksman. $1.25.
Miley, John D. In Cuba with Shafter. $1.50.

UNITED SOCIETY OF CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR, BOSTON

Dickinson, Charles Albert, D.D. Easter Immortelles. 50 cts.
Chapman, Rev. J. Wilbur, D.D. The Surrendered Life. 50 cts.

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The Religious World

Dr. Hirsch Finally Declines

It is at length announced that Rabbi Hirsch, of Chicago, has declined his call to be chief Rabbi of the Temple Emanu-El in New York. The position which he holds is the strongest among his people in the West, and that to which he was called is the strongest in the East. At first he accepted the offer from New York, but the people in Chicago were determined that he should not leave. He has other important duties besides those connected with his church. He is Professor of Semitic Languages in the University of Chicago, and one of the most public-spirited men in that great city. The decision will probably be received with mingled feelings in the Temple in New York, in which, if the reports are true, there is some difference of opinion. Many in the church are somewhat conservative. While they have no personal objection to Dr. Hirsch, it is rumored that they are not in sympathy with his advanced views. As he has withdrawn his acceptance of the call, nothing remains for the church in New York except to submit to the inevitable as gracefully as possible.

The Next Lyman Beecher Lecturer

The next lecturer on the Lyman Beecher foundation in Yale University will be the distinguished preacher and professor, George Adam Smith, D.D. The course of lectures will begin on April 5. The subject which he has chosen is "The Preaching of the Old Testament." This will be in the line of the work to which he has given his life. Those who have read Dr. Smith's masterly work on Isaiah will not doubt that this will be one of the most fascinating and helpful courses yet delivered on this foundation. His life of Henry Drummond has introduced him to a still larger audience. As a preacher, he is one of the most inspiring in Great Britain; as a scholar, without a superior in the Scotch universities. He is still a young man, being under forty-five, and perhaps nearer forty, years of age. His appearance is extremely youthful. He will have a warm welcome at Yale and by the American churches, in which he is already well known.

The Resignation of Dr. Talmage

After a pastorate of nearly four years in the First Presbyterian Church of Washington, the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., has thought best to resign, and devote himself to lecturing and journalism. He wishes also to be able to respond to the many calls for general work which come to him from other cities. These demands have become so numerous that they have, Dr. Talmage now states, interrupted the regular work of the church. We quote from his letter of resignation sent to the Session: "It is desirable that I have more opportunity to meet face to face in religious assemblies those in this country and other countries to whom I have, through the kindness of the printing-press, been permitted to preach week by week, and without the exception of a week, for about thirty years. Therefore, though very reluctantly, I have concluded, after serving you nearly four years in the pastoral relation, to send this letter of resignation." It is announced that Dr. Talmage will continue to make his home in Washington.

A Tribute of Appreciation for Dr. Coe

The Rev. Edward B. Coe, D.D., who resigned from the pastorate of the Collegiate Church, New York City, a short time ago, to become the senior pastor of the churches and chapels of that parish, received substantial tokens of appreciation and affection from the congregation of the Forty-eighth Street Church during the past week. Dr. Coe was presented with a handsome loving-cup and a beautifully engrossed testimonial signed by over two hundred members of the congregation. Judge Henry W. Bookstaver presented the cup and spoke eloquently of Dr. Coe and of the love and respect which the people of the Forty-eighth Street Church still feel for him, after his many years of service among them. Dr. Coe was deeply touched by the expression of the love of his congregation, and spoke of

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his warm affection for them and of the hearty co-operation and sympathy which he had always received from them. The Rev. Donald Sage Mackay, D.D., his successor, made a few remarks, and the evening closed with the singing of "Auld Lang Syne."

An Assembly of Deaconesses

An assembly of the Deaconesses of the Methodist Episcopal Church was held at Fall River, February 25–28. Thirty-nine deaconesses were present from institutions in various cities. Among the subjects considered were, "The Self-Culture of the Deaconesses;" "Why they should be Trained;" "Why they should be without Salaries;" "Why they should be Costumed;" "Why they should be Licensed." On Sunday, not only the pulpits of the Methodist churches, but also the Central Congregational and the Friends' Church were occupied by these consecrated women. The reports of superintendents showed that over a thousand calls a year are made by each visiting deaconess; children are taught by trained kindergartners, and schools and clubs for the poor and the outcast are maintained under the direction of wise and skillful laborers. The deaconesses in the Methodist Episcopal Church in this country and in the Wesleyan Church in England are now recognized as having a distinct place in those aggressive communions.

A Notable Theater Service

Probably no preacher in the English-speaking world has come to his fame more suddenly than the Rev. R. J. Campbell, of Brighton, England. Mr. Campbell is a young man, but little over thirty years of age. He was brought up in the Established Church, and had a distinguished career as a scholar at Christ Church College, Oxford. Brighton, as is well known, is the chief watering-place of England, and is situated, in time, about one hour from London. Mr. Campbell's ministry has been singularly successful. The church in which he preaches has been thronged, and a new and larger edifice is already proposed. He is a tireless worker. After conducting two or three services in his own church, he is carrying on a mission in one of the theaters of Brighton. The place is thronged with people. Nothing sensational is undertaken. There is only the singing of Gospel hymns, prayers, and the address. It is said that the crowds attending these services are such as would gladden the heart of any theatrical manager. That which distinguishes Mr. Campbell's ministry is his remarkable success in reaching men. At one of the meetings it was observed that for one woman ten or twelve men were present. English Congregationalists just now have among their preachers several young men of great promise. Dr. Horton is under forty-five; the Rev. C. Sylvester Horn, of Kensington, London, the Rev. J. H. Jowett, of Birmingham, and Mr. Campbell are all under thirty-five. All are evangelical and give promise of being worthy successors of such men as Berry, Dale, Baldwin Brown, and Thomas Binney. The striking feature about Mr. Campbell and his evangelistic services is that in him we see the finest flower of the University in contact with the poorest people of the slums of a great watering-place.

Longevity of Bishops

The "Christian Advocate" quotes an interesting paragraph from the "Youth's Companion" in regard to the longevity of Methodist Bishops: "Since the Methodist Episcopal Church was organized in 1784, it has had forty-four bishops. Twenty-six of these have died, their average age being more than sixty-seven years. The average age of the eighteen surviving bishops is more than sixty-five years. It would be quite possible to base upon this one fact of longevity an argument that in elevating these men the Church chose wisely. Weak men break down under responsibility, but for the strong men who have learned how to work and forgotten how to worry, it is the very breath of life." To this the editor responds: "The best of our bishops have never quite forgotten how to worry. It was an art that Asbury, Simpson, and especially Janes, never learned, and of which Baker had not mastered the rudiments. Yet Asbury lived to be seventy, Simpson to be seventy-two, Janes to be sixty-nine, and Baker to be fifty-nine. Some of the strongest and best of the bishops have died young. Emory met his death by accident; Kingsley succumbed to heart disease in Beyroot, Syria; and Edward Thompson died of

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pneumonia." The editor somewhat facetiously adds that certain grievous mistakes in administration were made by certain bishops who seemed to have forgotten how to worry, and almost to care.

Progress in Industrial Missions

The methods now so generally adopted by the philanthropic societies in the large cities, which provide work instead of charity for each applicant, are being adopted also in the work of foreign missions. If anything is lost in the so-called romance or sentimentality of missions, it is more than made up in the practical benefit bestowed. A company has just been incorporated in England under the title "The Indian Mission Industries, Limited," for the purpose of "establishing industries in India as an auxiliary to mission work." This company will first establish a carpet-factory at Ahmednagar, where a technical school is already in successful operation in connection with the American Marathi Mission, and where one hundred youths are now being trained in carpet-making. An offer has been made by this school to train at least one hundred more native lads each year. In this way, without loss of time or expenditure for training their workmen, the company will be enabled to extend its operations. The manufactures of the company will not be confined to carpets, but hammered and inlaid metal and silversmiths' work, carving, embroidery, and other Indian arts, for which there is a market in Europe and America, will be included in the company's operations, as they are now included in the curriculum of the technical school. The company is assured in advance of the support and co-operation of the missionary fraternity, and pressing invitations have been received from missionaries connected with several societies to open branches in their localities, which will be complied with as soon as arrangements can be made. We quote from a letter of the Rev. James Smith, Principal of the Sir D. M. Petit School of Industrial Arts at Ahmednagar: "Thousands of souls that have been won to Christ in India are now starving as a consequence thereof. The most of them are from the depressed classes, who in heathenism got a living by giving menial service to other castes. Much of this service was connected with idolatry, and all of it was degrading. Their perquisites in return for this service were the gleanings of the fields, the flesh and hides of the animals that died of old age or disease, etc. No Christian can accept such service or live on such fare, and so every new convert is an additional burden to the missionaries and an expense to the Board. This is the beginning of the end for which I have worked these fifteen long years. In five years more I hope to see our Christian community growing into an industrial people, self-respecting and self-supporting, rich in good works, ready to distribute, willing to communicate."

Mr. Meyer in India

Principal Fairbairn is not the only distinguished English preacher who this year has been at work in India. The Rev. F. B. Meyer, the successor of Dr. Newman Hall in London, and a man well known in this country, is preaching and holding religious conferences in that land. His work, of course, is different from that of Principal Fairbairn. The latter appeals to the cultured classes, the makers of public opinion, the scholars and teachers. The former, on the other hand, with his fervid evangelical spirit, makes his appeal to the common people. How long Mr. Meyer's visit will be continued we are not informed. During the month of January he held four meetings each day in Calcutta, and he will not be true to his reputation if he diminishes the number of his meetings in the other cities which he may visit.

The First School of Theology

An inquirer in the "Christian Advocate" asks, "When was the first School of Theology for American Methodism projected?" The question is answered as follows: "The first school of theology for American Methodism was projected in Boston in 1839. After eight years' consultation and discussion, it was opened in Concord, N. H., under the title of the Methodist General Biblical Institute. This was in 1847. It remained there for twenty years, when it was removed to Boston and reorganized as the Boston Theological Seminary. Since 1871 it has been associated definitely with Boston University, and known as the Boston School of Theology."

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Correspondence

The Question of Taxes

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In your comment, "A Grave Danger in the Philippines," you say: "Levying a tax upon all land at its nominal value would not disturb the monastic title, but would practically compel the monastic establishments either to sell their unused lands to actual occupants or to improve them by actual and profitable occupancy themselves."

Do you not think that there is proportionately as much land held out of use in all countries where multiform taxes are imposed, as in the Philippines, and with the same injurious effects? And do you think the implied injurious effects are any the less injurious because the owner is an American or an Englishman, and not a Philippine monastery or a Spanish grandee? Is it less injurious to hold American or English land out of use than it is to hold Philippine land out of use? Why would not levying a tax as you suggest have an equally desirable effect here in the United States?

Brooklyn, N. Y. E. T. H.

[We have no statistics from which to furnish a trustworthy answer to your question, but our impression is that the land held out of use by the United States and also out of the market, and not purchasable at very moderate prices, is insignificant as compared with that supposed to be held in the Philippines by the monastic orders, as it certainly is insignificant as compared with that which was held by the monastic orders in England and Europe just before the Reformation.—The Editors.]

General Eagan's Sentence

To the Editors of The Outlook:

As a regular and appreciative reader of The Outlook, I notice a slight error in a statement of fact to which you may not be displeased to have me refer. In a most admirable review of the sentence imposed upon General Eagan, U. S. A., there was a suggestion that his suspension involved loss of certain allowances, as, for instance, allowance for rations. Quite a number of years ago a number of different allowances to commissioned officers were abolished, and as a substitute therefor the pay was considerably increased. The only allowance which a regular officer now receives in addition to his pay is that for quarters. This is given when an officer is on duty in a city or other place where the Government cannot furnish suitable accommodations, as is usually done at an army post. Aside from this there are no allowances of any kind.

The sentence of General Eagan is of such importance to the army, and has been so widely discussed, that I cannot refrain from inviting your attention to a small matter in connection therewith, to which I have not seen reference in print. The suspension was from "rank and duty." The effect of the latter has been freely commented upon, and amounts in substance to a prolonged leave of absence. Suspension from rank is a very different matter, and much more serious. It ordinarily means that an officer remains stationary in his grade. A suspension from rank for a number of years would mean that a number, and oftentimes many junior officers, would pass over him. This would mean also that the suspended officer would at the end of his service reach a lower grade than he otherwise would have done, dependent upon the length of the suspension. The serious effect of such a suspension is apparent; but in General Eagan's case he had already risen to the highest grade in his department. No one could possibly be promoted over him, nor can any one be promoted into his place.

Avery D. Andrews.

Adjutant-General's Office, Albany, N. Y.

The Indians and the Philippines

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I find in the "Indian Bulletin" of February, published at Hartford, Conn., this extract from Mr. Herbert Welsh's address at the Lake Mohonk Conference: "During this Administration it seems to me that on the part of the authorities there has been less willingness to hear reasonable and fair suggestions from the friends of

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the Indian than we have ever experienced in the sixteen years past."

Is this the statement of a fact? If so, how does such a fact bear upon the chances of a successful administration in the case of colonial dependencies?

ARTHUR REED KIMBALL.

Waterbury, Conn.

[We do not know whether this statement is correct or not. There is, however, a general consensus of opinion that under Secretary Cornelius S. Bliss the Department of the Interior was more complaisant to party politicians and more indifferent to the general public than in any previous administration for some years past. Such a fact, if it be a fact, is too purely a personal matter to throw any considerable light on the general prospects of a colonial civil service framed and conducted on the merit system in the interest of the public.—THE EDITORS.]

Prices and Wages

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I read with much interest Mr. Spahr's article on the workers in the factories of New England, because it shows that, while he has a deep sympathy with the working people, and wishes to have their condition improved, he does not fall into the common error of regarding the employing class as vultures feeding upon the vitals of Prometheus. The light he is throwing upon the subject about which he is writing must do great good; but the practical question with those who recognize that the conditions are not what they ought to be is, How can they be improved?

The millstone that is now dragging the working classes downward and making them more and more absolutely dependent upon a diminishing number of employers is the fact that substantially everywhere—in America, in Europe, and in Asia—the supply of labor exceeds the demand. Moreover, the disproportion between the supply and the demand increases constantly, and I do not see how the freedom of the masses can be secured while this condition of things exists.

The problem is to reverse this condition and restore the state of things that existed thirty-two or thirty-three years ago in this country, when the demand for labor exceeded the supply. Can this be done? One historic fact appears to prove that it can be. Whenever and wherever there has been enough money to do the business that the people were ready and anxious to transact, the demand for labor always *has* exceeded the supply; and during such periods every kind of legitimate business and class of producers has prospered. Workers were able to exact a larger share of the products of their toil, and employers also made money.

Topeka, Kan. ALBERT GRIFFIN.

[The Outlook believes that when the relative scarcity of currency causes falling prices, business stagnation and unemployed labor are inevitable. The immediate problem is how to expand the currency steadily and prevent the disorders which violent fluctuations—as well as steadily falling prices—may cause. When this problem is solved, however, there will still remain unemployment due to bad workmanship, bad management, and the moral failings which prevent harmony between employers and employed.—THE EDITORS.]

Notes and Queries

NOTE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—*It is seldom possible to answer any inquiry in the next issue after its receipt. Those who find expected answers late in coming will, we hope, bear in mind the impediments arising from the constant pressure of many subjects upon our limited space. Communications should always bear the writer's name and address.*

In your issue of February 18 you say "it is a matter of popular tradition rather than authentic history" that orthodox (?) preachers taught from the pulpit that "hell was paved with the skulls of infants." I have often heard my father say that the Rev. Dr. Storrs, of Braintree (the father of Dr. Storrs, of Brooklyn, and Emory Storrs, of Chicago), preached from his pulpit descriptions of a material hell, the floor of which was paved with the skulls of unregenerated infants. This and kindred utterances were so revolting to my father that he early broke away from the Calvinistic creed which preached such an unchristian doctrine. You can, however, assure "W. S. F." that there was a veritable foundation for the report.

H. T. F.

Explicit indeed, but unreliable, though reported in perfect good faith by our correspondent, who regards Emory Storrs as a brother of Dr. Storrs, though he was a descendant in the fourth or fifth generation of a half-brother of Dr. Storrs's grandfather. The writer of this paragraph, whom a conscientious person once seriously misreported by omitting the word *not*, is confident of a similar misreport

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in this case. Dr. Storrs himself writes as follows: "I have a distinct remembrance of the intense indignation with which my father denounced the statement, once made in his presence, that Dr. Griffin had declared that 'hell was paved,' etc., or, if not Dr. Griffin, then Dr. Lyman Beecher. My father usually held his spirit under steady control, but in this instance he had 'lightning in his heart and thunder on his lips.' If it had been charged that he himself had said it, I cannot measure the reach of his wrathful repudiation of it." How such misreports spring up is illustrated by an anecdote that Dr. Griffin (it may have been Dr. Lyman Beecher) once began a paragraph in a sermon with the words, "Hell is paved," etc., and went on to say, "This horrible doctrine is unjustly imputed to us." For this he was criticised by Dr. Woods on the ground that he might have died suddenly at the end of his quotation, and then would always have been regarded as affirming what he utterly rejected.

1. Why does not Christ's promise to heal of physical infirmities apply to the present time as well as when he was on earth? 2. If Paul's teachings regarding women speaking in church and teaching do not apply to-day, why not?

INQUIRER.

1. We suppose that it does, but in a much broader way than was possible with the limited knowledge of the first century, to whose methods of healing we cannot suppose modern skill restricted. 2. As the legal maxim says, "the law fails when the reason for it fails." Greek customs laid restrictions on women which our customs do not. Paul bade Greek women not to transgress the customs. A larger liberty was accorded to Hebrew women. We have changed our old customs in that point. The Christian church in Corinth, being too insignificant in numbers to make such a change, had no option but to conform rather than bring scandal on itself.

1. Will you kindly name a list of the latest and best books on Bible literature, or the Bible as literature? 2. Also the names of books treating of the history and basis of our belief in immortality. R. A.

1. Besides the books you already have, see Kautzsch's "Outline of the History of the Literature of the Old Testament," Budde's "Religious Life and Thought of the Hebrews in Pre-Exilic Days," Cheyne's "Jewish Religious Life After the Exile" (Putnams, New York), Genung's "Epic of the Inner Life" [Job], Abbott's "Life and Letters of Paul" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston). 2. For the history, see Salmond's "Christian Doctrine of Immortality" (Scribners, New York). For the basis of belief, see Gordon's "Immortality and the New Theodicy" (Houghton), and Myers's "Science and the Future Life" (Macmillan, New York).

Please tell me if these words of the Rev. Morgan Dix, in his last Thanksgiving sermon, are in keeping with the teachings of Christ: "We should have a great navy and a standing army. Society's foes were never so fierce and brutal. So long as labor leaders stir up strife, so long as there are fierce race riots and anarchists, and those who have no property conspire against those who have property, so long will we need protection." L. F.

Whether these words were uttered by Dr. Morgan Dix or not we do not know. We have no doubt that it is entirely in accordance with the spirit of Christ's teaching to furnish adequate protection to life and property against those who are criminally intent upon destroying either. In our judgment, such protection is better furnished by local police and the State militia than by a Federal army.

1. In Luke vii., 37, 38, who is the woman believed to have been who anointed the feet of Jesus? 2. Is there any ground for supposing that this incident is identical with a similar act recorded of Mary of Bethany (Mark xiv., 3, 12; John xi., 2; xii., 3)?

F. T. P.

1. Quite unknown, beyond the general description of her in the text. 2. Some have maintained this on account of certain coincidences, but the discrepancies are far too marked and numerous to permit any identification of the two.

G. H.—In the bibliography given you February 25, the following corrections are desirable: Macmillans' "Temple Edition" of Shakespeare contains forty volumes, and their two-volume edition of Browning's Poems is at $3.50, net. They also furnish Bohn's edition of Goethe's works at $1 per volume. Mention should also be made of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'s edition of Browning in one volume at $3.

If "C. B. W.," in your issue of February 25, will send his address to B. B. Comegys, at the Philadelphia National Bank, he will receive some such literature as he desires, without charge. B. B. C.

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For the Little People

The Conceited Coins

By Priscilla Leonard

"I'm just as good as silver!"
The Nickel proudly cried;
"The head of Madam Liberty
Is stamped upon my side;
I am as white and shining
As any dime can be—
He needn't put on any airs,
I'm twice as thick as he!"

"I'm every bit as good as gold!"
The Penny blustered loud;
"That tiny, thin gold dollar,
He needn't feel so proud;
For all his airs and graces
I do not give a fig;
I'm burnished just as bright as he,
And half again as big!"

But when the Cent and Nickel
Went out upon their way,
Alas! the world still held them cheap,
Whatever they might say.
The Double-Eagle smiled. "You'll find,"
He said, "that par is par.
It doesn't matter how you boast,
But what you really are!"

Some of Mother Nature's Unopened Packages
Chestnut Burrs

By Lizzie De Armond

There they hung on the big, wide-spreading chestnut-tree, swinging to and fro in the frosty air, those odd-looking packages with their prickly coverings.

Some had two and others three little parcels inside; but how could any one get at them, with all those sharp thorns, like so many soldiers on guard with fixed bayonets?

There were the squirrels, red and gray, looking so longingly at those big packages, for they knew just what was hidden away under that prickly coat. And the children! in playtime they would gather beneath the old tree, and some of the more venturesome would climb up and carry off a few parcels; but they paid dear for their load.

"It's time for me to have a finger in the pie," said Jack Frost one night; so, with his icy hands, he tore open the tough coverings, and inside were the loveliest little smooth brown parcels.

"I'll throw them down on the ground," cried the rough North Wind, who, in spite of his loud voice, was quite a kind old fellow.

There they lay, just ready to be opened!

"Chestnuts!" chattered the squirrels, as, early in the morning, they raced from their warm nests to get a bite of breakfast. Every one told his neighbor the good news, and soon all squirrel-town was ready for work.

There was not a basket in the whole place, but what did they care for that! Each cheek was a bag, and soon the spry creatures were hurrying to their homes, with faces puffed out as if they had the worst kind of a toothache.

Those packages held sweet, good food to feed the hungry squirrel families in the cold, stormy winter weather.

"Chestnuts!" cried the children; "hurrah!" and they, too, gathered up the precious parcels; they thought they knew just what was inside, but how could they, when every time they ate up the most valuable thing the packets held? It was in one corner, and looked somewhat like a tiny white worm, but it was truly a chestnut baby, a wee tree.

"If the good rain would only tuck a few of those nice brown packages in the ground," sighed the mother tree, "then I might have the comfort of seeing some of my children grow up around me."

The frost fairies spread a soft, warm blanket over the ground where the big tree stood, and one of the brown packages was hidden beneath the white snow covering, and the big tree sheltered the place.

Had They Run Away?

Such a lot of dolls, and one real live doll with fluffy yellow hair, wearing a pink bonnet as pink as the glow of sunset. This doll was alive, and her mamma was busy at the counter matching silk. But all the other dolls were just dolls, but they crowded the chair and hung over the arms. The live dolly—her mamma would

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have called her little girl—was speechless with delight. She clasped her hands and gazed in wonder at the lovely creatures in sunbonnets, and housemaids' dresses of many colors, and white aprons.

"Which one would you like?" a voice questioned behind her. "All!" was the reply as she laid her hand on the nearest one.

"Do you suppose this is the family of the old woman who lived in her shoe?"

"Why, yes," said the live dolly, nodding her head.

"Where is the old woman? The children are all alone."

A little cloud passed over her face, as if she knew how lonely little people could be without a mother. She looked earnestly at the chair full of dolls, and walked all around it. Suddenly she bent down, and with a little cry of delight she took a shoe larger than any of the others in her hand, and cried, "Here's the old woman!" and she peered again between the dolls in the chair; but there was only the shoe to be seen. At this moment one of the clerks came and moved several of the dolls, and there was a big doll with a motherly face. The live dolly gave a sigh of content. The mother of the chairful of children was found, and the family could not be lonely. She went out of the store looking over her shoulder, smiling at the family that overflowed the chair. Had the old woman run away with her family, or were they traveling? Or was each waiting for a mamma of its own?

The Worlds of the Feathered Folks

There has been a poultry show recently in New York in a large building with a glass roof. The chickens, hens, roosters, ducks, pigeons, all were in cages, before which the people stood and walked. Some of the feathered folk seemed to object to being looked at, and stood back in their cages as far as possible; others paraded about as if they quite enjoyed displaying their beauties. The cackling, crowing, cooing went on all the time, but the attendants said that at the first gray light of day seen through the glass roof, first one rooster would crow, then another over in a far corner would reply, then two from another part of the building would crow together. In five minutes every rooster, large and small, strong-voiced and weak, was crowing with all his might; every hen was cackling in wild excitement, and every pigeon cooing. The most amusing thing was to watch the tiny motherless chickens in the incubators. They were roused by the crowing, and scurried about as though they could and would do their part if they were given half a chance. The attendants said never were the feathered people so amusing and clever as when they woke and crowed, cooed, and cackled as if they owned the world, and that it was quite sad to see them grow more and more quiet and depressed as they found that a tiny cage was all the world they owned; that the world of grass and farmyard which they had known, which offered such fine opportunities for scratching, and produced such fine fat worms, such healthy pieces of shell and gravel, and the space that made exercise and play possible, had disappeared. By this time the feathered people have gone back to the world they loved and to which they belong, and the congress of their people under the glass roof has been forgotten.

Piling Money

In Philadelphia there is a building known as the Mint. It belongs to the United States Government, and is the place where the Government manufactures money—a money factory. The silver and gold are put in bags in order that the money may be transported more easily. Before the money is put in the bags it is counted, and the amount in the bags is registered on the bags. There are thousands of these bags, and they must be kept conveniently and securely until people want to buy the money, for the Government sells this money. To pile these bags in the treasury vaults is not easy. They cannot be thrown in; they must be so arranged as to be easily removed, and in the amounts needed. A man has learned to do this so well that he is called an expert. The bags, if not properly arranged, would slide down and push other rows out of order or cause them to fall, and the men would be injured. This man has learned to do his work so well that the rows are like a stone fence, and the bags can only be removed from the top rows.

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